VOLUME 155 NUMBER 2

LOOKING FORWARD

"THERE IS A PRINCIPLE in all things," declared Emerson many years ago, pointing out how inevitable was the final working out of human affairs. No matter what men say, in the end they must stand for or against the principle upon which any law or social code is based. They cannot long agree upon a paternal protection for others and arrogate to themselves personal liberty and the opportunity to achieve self reliance. They cannot advocate something as good for society and themselves refuse to practice that good in their private, individual lives. For the state, after all, is just people. And the principles upon which individual men base their lives will in the end be expressed by the state, or the intolerable hypocrisy resulting will undermine and destroy the state.

AT THE PRESENT MOMENT, the purpose of the Volstead Act is to suppress the entire traffic in liquor. The goal of the Eighteenth Amendment is totally to destroy the drinking of all alcoholic beverages in or out of the home. This is its principle. The next step is logical. Makers of containers for liquor break the dry law says the Supreme Court, in its recent opinion affecting the widespread sale of home brew equipment and extracts. Purchasers of such equipment want them for illegal purposes. In essence, then, making home brew now becomes a crime against our law. The last refuge of the drinking dry thus disappears.

IT IS WELL that this should be so. Speaking of spiritual perception, Jesus said: "To him that hath not shall be taken away even that which he hath." The home brewer who thus far has looked complacently upon prohibition enforcement is well served. Because he would not look the problem squarely in the eye, and stand for a principle in which he believed, he has lost even that which he had. With every day that prohibition becomes clearer to the people of this country, its doom approaches. Its principle is abhorrent to the country of George Washington and Thomas Jefferson and the Continental Congress.

Francis Rufus Bellamy

OUTLOOK
and Independent

May 14, 1930

Looking Forward 41
Frontispiece: Full Speed Ahead 42

Articles

Actualities at London ..... *Jonathan Mitchell* 43
Clemenceau, Stand-Patter ..... *T. R. Ybarra* 47
Kyotchek ..... *Stoyan Christowe* 48
Your Right to Cross the Street ..... *Myron M. Stearns* 50
The Stream of Business ..... *Frank A. Fall* 61
Dollars and Coppers ..... *William O. Scroggs* 62
Contemporary da Vincis ..... *Gladys Oaks* 63

The Trend of Events 54

The Leisure Arts

Speaking of Books 66
Lese Majesty ..... *Frances Lamont Robbins* 66
The Week's Reading ..... *Frances Lamont Robbins* and *R. D. Townsend* 67
Behind the Blurbs ..... *Walter R. Brooks* 68
Emergent Evolution ..... *Edward T. Devine* 70
The Theatre ..... *O. D. C.* 71
The Movies ..... *Creighton Peet* 72
Mr. Gatti ..... *Pitts Sanborn* 74
From the Life ..... *Ibby Hall* 76
With Our Readers 78

EDITORS
Francis Rufus Bellamy
Parkhurst Whitney
Henry F. Pringle
John T. Hackett
William T. Adee
Rodman Gilder

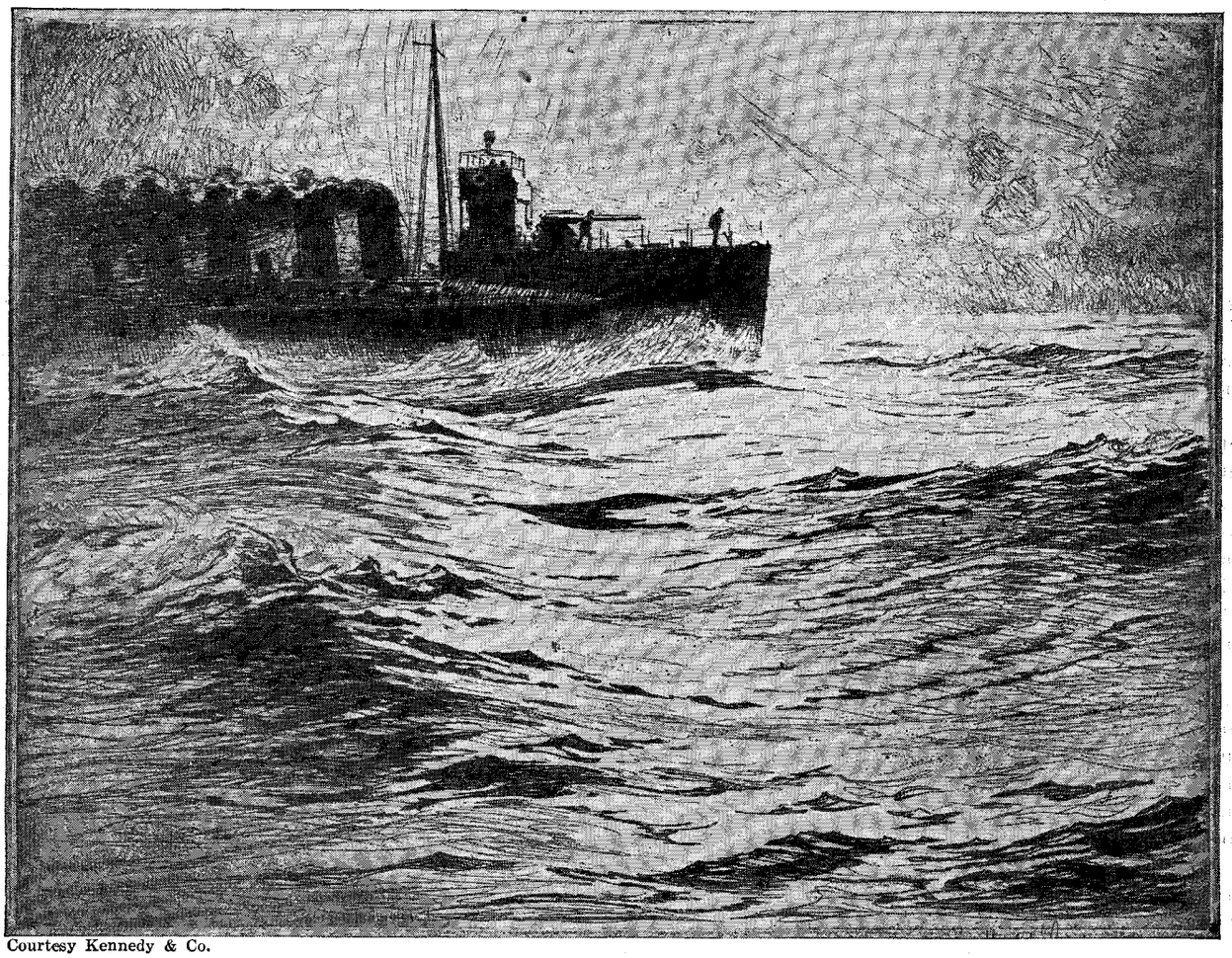
ASSOCIATES
Malcolm Waters Davis
Helen Chandler
Walter R. Brooks
Harold T. Pulsifer
Frances Lamont Robbins
William O. Scroggs

The Outlook and Independent is indexed in the Readers' Guide to periodical Literature.

THE OUTLOOK AND INDEPENDENT, May 14, 1930. Volume 155. Number 2. Published weekly by The Outlook Company at 120 East 16th Street, New York, N. Y. Pres. Francis Rufus Bellamy; Vice-Pres. Harrison B. Freeman; Treas. Rodman Gilder; Sec'y, Harold T. Pulsifer. Subscription price $5.00 a year. Single copies 15 cents each. Foreign subscription to countries in the Postal Union, $6.56. Entered as second-class matter July 21, 1893, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., and July 20, 1928, at the Post Office at Springfield, Mass., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

Copyright, 1930, by the Outlook Company.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Courtesy Kennedy & Co.

FULL SPEED AHEAD
An etching by Martin Lewis

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

OUTLOOK
and Independent

May 14, 1930

Actualities at London

What the Three-Power Treaty Means

By JONATHAN MITCHELL

At the request of the Outlook and Independent, Mr. Mitchell returned early in April to London where he was once the correspondent of the New York "World." He arrived in time to talk with all the important figures at the naval conference and here presents the true facts of the success and failure of the gathering

AFTER endless days and weeks, the Naval Disarmament Conference is over. It has produced one outstanding result. It has revealed the existence of a tentative political alliance between the United States and England. This alliance may not prove to be permanent, but if it does, it is going to be the dominant political force in the world.

The Conference did not bring disarmament, and it is clear now that it was never intended to bring disarmament. On the contrary, it was decided before the Conference ever met that the United States, France and perhaps Italy were to be permitted to increase their battle fleets. It was, however, intended that the Conference should result in the limitation of navies, and last January, when the Conference was first called together, there was every reason to hope that this would be achieved.

Among many observers here, there has been a disposition to blame the failure of the Conference to write a Five Power treaty upon Secretary of State Stimson. This is not altogether just. Mr. Ramsay MacDonald and the English are equally to blame, perhaps more so. In the final weeks, only France and M. Briand were willing to make sacrifices in order that a Five Power agreement should be obtained.

The Conference has dragged on for so many interminable weeks, that most people, by this time, have forgotten what the situation was last January. It was very promising. The five naval powers, before they ever came to London, had reached almost complete accord. When Mr. MacDonald made his dramatic trip to America, ten months ago, and sat beside the Rapidan with Mr. Hoover, he had already sounded out the French. He returned to England with a very definite understanding with the United States. During October and November, negotiations went on between Japan and America. Italy was kept constantly informed throughout all these preliminaries, and there is good reason to believe that Signor Mussolini pledged fullest co-operation.

THE WHOLE PROGRAM for this Conference was built around England. Rightly or wrongly, Englishmen believe that their national existence, and the existence of their Empire, rests upon their fleet. From the beginning it was understood that England could not be asked to make any large concessions. The English laid down two fundamental conditions for disarmament:

1. The British fleet must equal, in fighting strength, the combined navies of the two strongest European powers, namely France and Italy.

2. It must equal the fleet of the United States.

Mr. MacDonald was bound by these two things. If he had ever disregarded them, the Sea Lords of the British Admiralty probably would have resigned, and his government would have been overthrown. There was no difficulty about the second condition. That was settled by Mr. MacDonald and Mr. Hoover during their Rapidan conversations.

A month before the Conference opened, France announced that it required a fleet totaling, in round numbers, 700,000 tons. Immediately thereafter Signor Mussolini proclaimed that Italy would never consent to less than "parity" with the strongest Continental power. This obviously meant France. The British Admiralty at once let it be known that neither of these claims could be considered seriously.

It can now be definitely stated that before the Conference opened the following month, France had informed both England and the United States that it was prepared, in return for certain political concessions, to reduce its figures to approximately 500,000 tons or even less—an offer which was entirely satisfactory to the Admiralty. No apprehension was felt about Italy's demand for "parity." It was believed that if an agreement was reached among the United States, England, Japan and France, Italy would not dare hold out for equality with France, and assume the whole blame for wrecking the Conference.

Thus on paper it seemed certain to be an overwhelming success. Mr. Hoover and Mr. MacDonald, in particular, were apparently sure that their names would go down in history as the two men who had brought disarmament to a weary, over-burdened world. The Conference,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

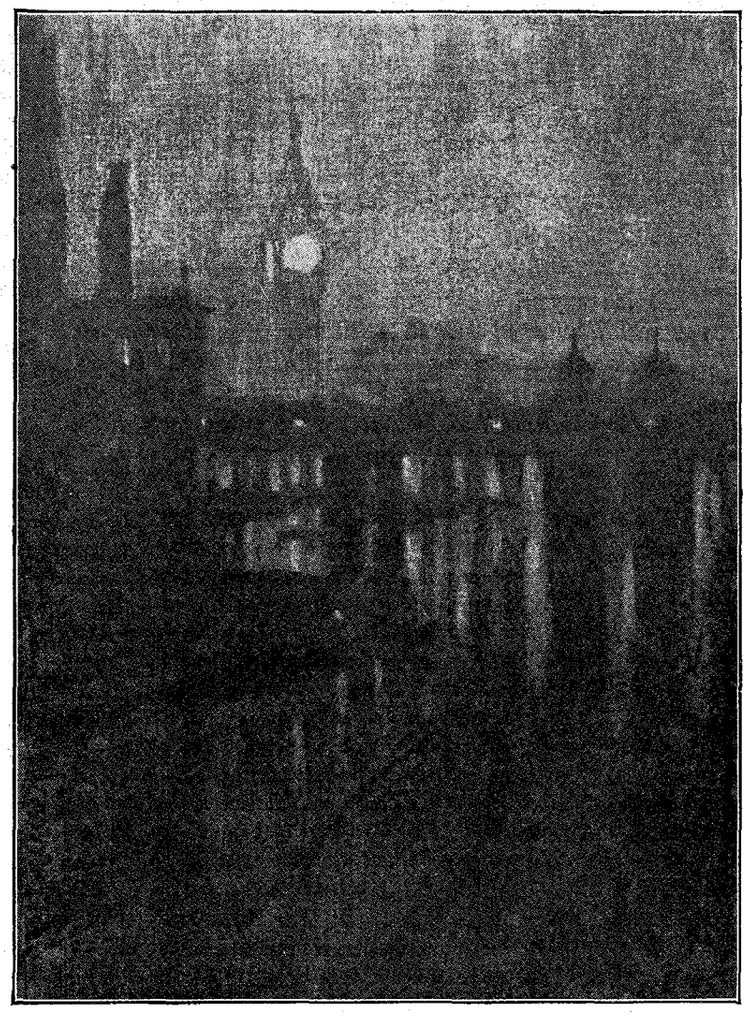
to put it concisely, was to be a set-up.

MR. STIMSON, as head of the American delegation, arrived in London and went to work. From that moment, things began to go badly. Mr. Stimson is a distinguished corporation lawyer. He possesses a legal mind—very precise, thorough and deliberate. He decided that since England was the most important naval power present—besides his own country—he ought to begin negotiating first with Mr. MacDonald. This he did. He insisted upon supervising every detail of the negotiations himself, and in his room at the Ritz Hotel, he worked twelve, fourteen and sixteen hours a day. The Anglo-American conversations proceeded slowly, but with great smoothness. Meanwhile the heads of the other delegations, MM. Tardieu of France, Wakatsuki of Japan and Grandi of Italy, cooled their heels. No one in the American delegation would tell them anything, or even talk to them. Presently the United States and England arrived at their expected agreement, and Mr. Stimson and Mr. MacDonald announced their figures.

M. Tardieu was furious. To understand the reason for his anger, it is necessary to remember the background of the Conference. Three years ago, in 1927, there was a previous naval disarmament meeting at Geneva under the auspices of the League of Nations. This was the meeting which has since been made famous through the exposure of the activities of Mr. William B. Shearer, America's Big Bass Drum. In 1927, the United States and Great Britain opposed each other bitterly, and after the meeting was ended, feeling between the governments of the two countries was extremely bad, and it was feared by some observers that a naval race was about to begin.

In this emergency, England turned to France for assistance. The British Foreign Office, then under Sir Austen Chamberlain, concluded a secret naval understanding with the government of M. Poincaré. It was inevitable that we should feel that this understanding was in some degree directed against us, and we replied to it by authorizing the construction of twenty-one 10,000 ton battle cruisers. For a while it looked as if England and America were drifting straight towards war.

There was an immense popular reaction in England against the Anglo-French naval understanding, and Sir Austen Chamberlain was forced to abrogate it. Mr. Ramsay MacDonald promised, if he should be elected Prime Minister, his foreign policy would be directed towards a reconciliation with the United States. His trip to America, and his Rapidan conversations with President Hoover, immediately after his election, were in fulfillment of this pledge.



*Big Ben at night**

*The drawings in this article are from "A London Reverie" by Joseph Pennell (Macmillan) and are used by permission of Mrs. Joseph Pennell.

Not unnaturally, France felt that it was being cast aside in favor of the United States. The French Ministry of Foreign Affairs hated this. With the support of England, France had been, ever since the end of the War, overwhelmingly the most important nation on the continent of Europe. As long as France and England were allies, it was to the interest of England to see that France was strong, secure and successful. The French felt that England, once it had secured an alliance with America, would no longer have the same concern with their welfare.

When the London Naval Disarmament Conference was first proposed, France was exceedingly suspicious. In the Paris press there was talk of the "new Anglo-Saxon hegemony." France feared that it would be helpless in a meeting dominated by the two Anglo-Saxon powers, and refused to enter the Conference until it had received earnest assurances from both the United States and England that no alliance had been formed, and that no attempt would be made to dictate to France.

Nevertheless, as soon as the Conference started, this was exactly what Mr. Stimson and Mr. MacDonald tried to do. The Anglo-American figures were handed to M. Tardieu and he was told, in effect, that he could either accept them or go home. M. Tardieu did not object particularly to the figures, but he had expected an opportunity to try for political bargains. He felt he had been betrayed. He had been told that there was no understanding between the United States and England, and here was indisputable evidence—at least to French eyes—that there was a hard-and-fast alliance.

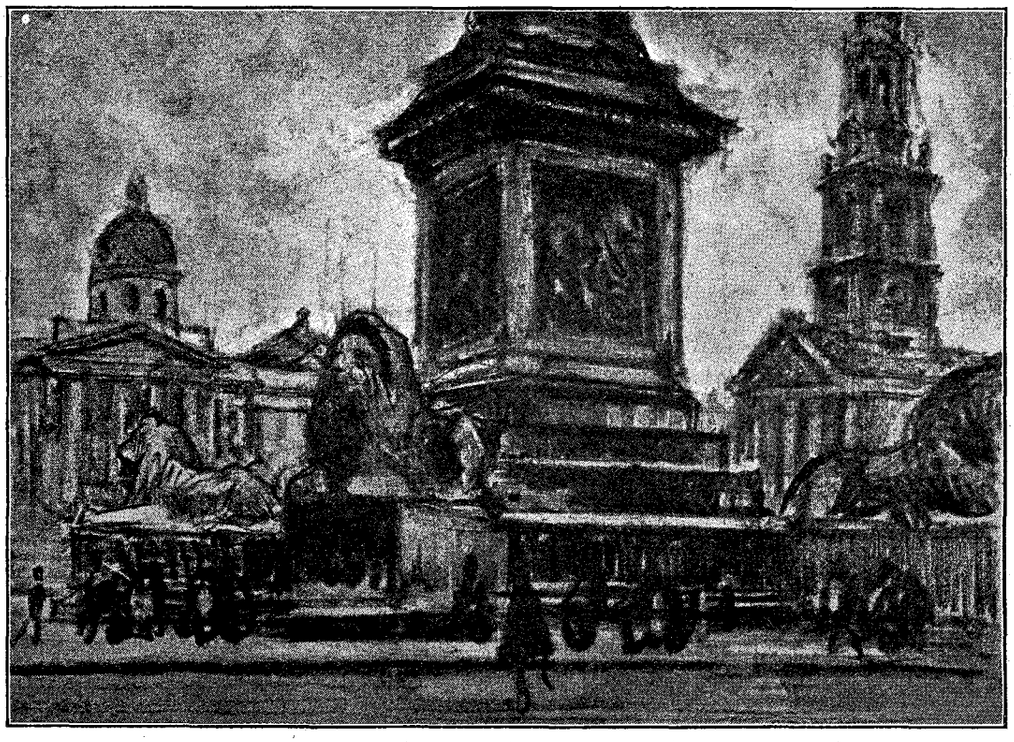
M. Tardieu protested in the strongest terms. No final figures could be agreed upon, he said, until the needs and wishes of France had first been consulted. He proposed that the Anglo-American figures be considered as merely provisional,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and that the Americans and English proceed immediately to a consideration of the French political demands. Mr. Stimson's orderly mind, however, had decided upon a different program. Having finished with the English, Mr. Stimson wished to deal with the next largest naval power at the Conference, which was Japan. The Americans commenced negotiations with the Japanese delegation, and M. Tardieu was again left to cool his heels.

M. Tardieu had come to London straight from a great diplomatic victory at the Reparations meeting at The Hague. He is a reasonably young, intensely ambitious man, and his heart had been set upon scoring fresh, and still more glorious diplomatic successes in London. When he realized that Mr. Stimson had no intention of negotiating with France until he had reached an agreement with Japan, M. Tardieu quit the Naval Disarmament Conference in disgust, and M. Briand was given charge of the French delegation.

From the beginning to the end of the Conference, France was perfectly willing to reduce its naval figures. It expected, however, to be paid for doing this. France wanted two things. It wanted assurances from Great Britain that the English would continue to support it diplomatically in the League of Nations and on the continent of Europe, and, secondly, it wanted a specific assurance that Great Britain would not give diplomatic support to Italy in Italy's controversies with France. Had Mr. MacDonald been able to give these guarantees to France, it is probable that a Five-Power treaty could have been written and that the Conference would have been a success.



Sir Edwin Landseer's lions in Trafalgar Square

M. Tardieu had left London thoroughly discouraged and disillusioned. It was M. Briand's task not merely to wring from Mr. MacDonald the assurances which France demanded, but also to convince M. Tardieu and French opinion that it was worth-while going ahead with negotiations.

The first thing which was suggested was a Mediterranean Locarno — an agreement by which England, France, Italy and perhaps Spain were mutually to guarantee with their armies and navies the existing frontiers of the countries bordering upon the Mediterranean. Probably M. Briand never really hoped that England would accept the Mediterranean Locarno. He knew that the English voters, with their crushing burden of taxation, believe that Great Britain did very badly in the last War, and are frankly obsessed with the desire that their country remain neutral when the next European war breaks out. No British government which undertook further military commitments on the continent of Europe would have much chance of surviving.

Some of the members of the French delegation to the Conference, however, professed to see dark duplicity in this rejection of the Mediterranean Locarno. According to them, it showed that Great Britain wished to be free to help Italy—which in case of trouble in the Mediterranean would certainly be the aggressor nation—against France. The net result of the Mediterranean Locarno proposal was to embitter popular feeling enormously. The ordinary English newspaper reader, with no conception of the diplomatic strategy involved, decided that France was trying to trick his country into some sort of an unholy alliance. The ordinary Frenchman felt that England was plotting against his nation's security.

The dominant figure of the last half of the Conference was Mr. Dwight W. Morrow. During the first half, Mr. Morrow, because of Mr. Stimson's refusal to negotiate with more than one nation at a time, had had very little to do. Now Mr. Morrow took the leadership of the American delegation into his own hands, and made a bold and energetic attempt to save the Conference. Many observers think he failed only by a narrow margin.

First Mr. Morrow urged the British, with every argument at his command, to go at least part way to meet the French. The British, finally irritated at his insistence, began to demand that America do something itself. It was unfair, they said, to ask them to make all the concessions necessary to pacify France. Mr. Morrow agreed, and succeeded in talking Mr. Stimson into making his famous offer of a "consultative" pact, by which the United States was to confer with the nations of Europe whenever the peace of the Mediterranean was threatened.

Six hours after this Morrow-Stimson "consultative" pact was offered to the British and the French, it was repudiated in Washington by President Hoover. Later the United States renewed its offer, in an extremely qualified form, but by that time no one took our "consultative" pact seriously.

Next M. Briand, with the active en-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

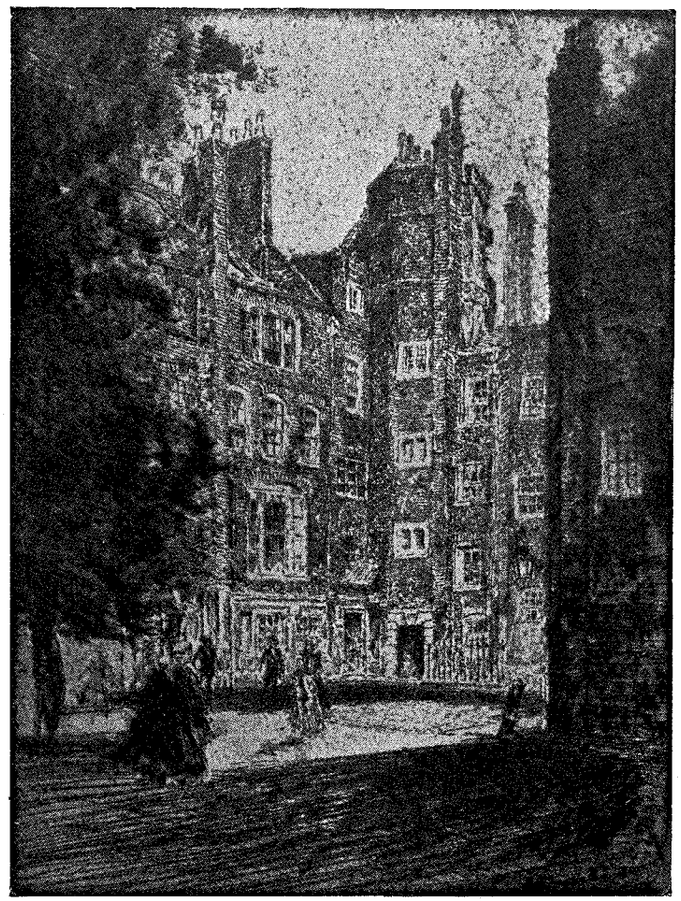
couragement of Mr. Morrow, launched his proposal for a reinterpretation of the military sanctions clause—Clause No. 2—of Article 16 of the League of Nations. M. Briand wanted the English to agree that the League was entitled to call upon its members for military assistance. The whole question, which was heatedly debated for the last three or four weeks of the Conference, is a juridical one, with little practical, immediate importance. M. Briand, however, wanted the English to prove publicly, in some way, that they were still interested in the League, and ready to support France diplomatically. M. Briand was undoubtedly correct in believing that if the British had agreed to a reinterpretation of Article 16, it would have cheered up Paris immensely.

The English might have given way on the question of Article 16 if they had been convinced that this, by itself, would have brought an agreement. But they suspected that M. Briand had many other things which he wanted to talk over. They knew also that when they had finished with the French, the Italians would have to be dealt with. There was no possibility of ending the Conference for weeks and months to come.

Meantime the United States had reached its agreement with Japan, and the English realized that a Three Power treaty, which would save the Conference's face, was assured. Every one, except Mr. Morrow and M. Briand, had become heartily sick of the Conference. It had brought kudos to no one, except perhaps to the Japanese. Most reputations had suffered badly. Except for Mr. Morrow and M. Briand, the members of every visiting delegation wanted to go home, and Mr. MacDonald, under fire in the House of Commons, wanted nothing so much as to get them out of London.

There was no real reason why the Naval Disarmament Conference should have failed. From the first to the last, there was no real dispute about figures. There were no really insoluble political problems. The Conference failed because elderly and middle-aged men grow tired after three months of strenuous labors.

The most important result of the Three Power treaty, which has just now been signed here, is the ending of naval competition between England and America. Any American who has lived in London can already sense the change which is taking place in English popular opinion. Three or four years ago, a week seldom passed without an attack upon the United States in the London press. There were innumerable cartoons of Uncle Shylock, wearing a suit decorated with dollar signs, and innumerable references to our prohibition laws, and our hypocritical morality. In the graver journals, long discussions went on about our naval program, and its potential menace to the British Empire. Now the atmosphere is completely different, and America and Americans are never mentioned except with praise.



Old Court, Lincoln's Inn

The second thing which the Three Power treaty will do is to secure Japan in the Far Pacific. It can be stated authoritatively that Japanese naval experts are satisfied that, in case of a war between the United States and Japan, their navy could decisively defeat any fleet which we could send against them. Probably there is no reason to regret the concessions which Mr. Stimson made to the Japanese. Henceforth, we will not have enough ships to attack Japan on its side of the Pacific, and Japan will not have enough to attack us on our side—which would seem to be the sensible arrangement.

Provision has been made for the French and Italians, in the coming months, to pursue separate negotiations. If they should come to an agreement, the plan is for the Three Power treaty to be turned into a Five Power one. It is improbable that anything will come of these Franco-Italian conversations, assuming that they are ever held. France and England have yet to come to an understanding, and until then, there is little point to discussions between France and Italy.

Italy had an unhappy time at the Naval Disarmament Conference. Signor Grandi, young, bearded, picturesque in the extreme, came to London, like M. Tardieu, with every intention of setting the diplomatic world afire. Most of the time no one even bothered to tell him what was going on; no one ever asked his advice or paid the slightest attention to him.

At the close of the Conference, Italy privately made known the terms on which it is willing to come to an agreement with France. Italy demands that France first sign a treaty of friendship and amity covering three points:

1. Recognition of Italy's interests in the Balkans.
2. Recognition of the right of Italians in North Africa to retain Italian nationality.
3. Rectification of the Libyan frontier in the Sahara desert.

Since it is rumored that Italy's first point will necessitate France's giving up her present predominant position in Jugo-Slavia, the chances of the French agreeing to Italy's terms, within the immediate future, would seem to be

(Please Turn to Page 75)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

▶▶ Clemenceau, Stand-Patter ◀◀

By T. R. YBARRA

CLEMENCEAU the "Tiger," Clemenceau the fighter, Clemenceau of the rough tongue and scorching pen, revealed many things in his posthumous book, *Grandeur and Misery of Victory*—hatred of Poincaré, dislike of Foch and Pershing, indifference to Wilsonian idealism, scorn of French lack of concern for the perils besetting France. But nothing in the book is more striking than the evidence of his unchanged attitude toward Germany.

The octogenarian died thinking of the Germans exactly as he had thought sixty years ago, when they had vanquished the armies of France and Metz and Sedan and were besieging Paris. What he thought of them at Versailles in 1871 he thought of them at Versailles in 1919. In 1871, a citizen of defeated France, he hated them; in 1919, Premier of victorious France, he hated them. And, in the years between the signing of the treaty that sealed German defeat and his death, the old man continued to hate Germany with all the vigor of his vindictive soul. For him there was no Locarno. For him there was no evidence of German disarmament. Quite the contrary. As he had lived preparing for German aggression against France, so he died—with a warning of such aggression on his lips. Where others saw only signs of peace among the nations, Clemenceau saw only signs of war—thanks to Germany as he pictured her.

This attitude is shown throughout his book. Names that most of us had forgotten, or, at least, allowed to grow dim in our memories, tumble from his pen—Bernhardi, Treitschke, "Kultur." We are back in 1914.

"I belonged to the generation that saw the loss of Alsace-Lorraine and never could I be consoled for that loss," he tells us in the book that he left behind him when he died a few months ago. And then he launches into his hymn of hate against the Germans.

"That the last War was an attempt at conquest by the Germans with a view to securing the domination of Europe and the world by territorial annexation cannot be contested, except by the perpetrators of this crime against humanity themselves," says Clemenceau. And, gathering momentum, he thunders:

"And what is this 'Germanic civilization,' this monstrous explosion of the will to power, which threatens openly to do away entirely with the diversities established by many evolutions, to set in their place the implacable mastery of a race whose lordly part would be to substitute itself, by force of arms, for all national developments? . . . From the German point of view, the monstrous problem thus set must inevitably be solved by the apotheosis of the German peoples. . . . Ought we not to feel at all menaced in our very vitals by this mad doctrine of universal Germanic supremacy over England, France, America and every other country?"

The spirit of 1914, with a vengeance! And lest anybody get the idea that Clemenceau was concerned only with the past, only with fulminations against the Germans for what they did in that year and the War years that followed it, he turns his eyes to the future and still sees the German menace as clearly as he saw it in the days of the Marne. When Georges Clemenceau died at the age of eighty-seven, he saw the future of France as series of precarious periods of peace under the constant threat of military aggression from Germany.

AS HE SAT at his desk, pen in hand, in the closing days of his life, visualizing this dark future for his country, his bitterness against Germany found constant expression in outbursts replete with sarcasm and venom. It was not alone German militarism that he took for a target, not alone German invasion of French territory. Even the peaceful phases of German life were not for him; the picture of Germans sitting about in their world-famous *Bierstuben* held for him none of the charm which it has for many, none of the *Gemütlichkeit* extolled by German and other writers.

"I have sometimes penetrated into the sacred cave of the Germanic cult, which is, as every one knows, the Bierhaus," snarls Clemenceau. "A great aisle of massive humanity where there accumulate, amid the fumes of tobacco and beer, the popular rumblings of a nationalism upheld by the sonorous brasses blaring to the heavens the supreme voice of Germany, 'Deutschland über alles!' Men, women and children, all petrified in reverence before the divine stone war pot, brows furrowed with irrepressible power, eyes lost in a dream of infinity, mouths twisted by the intensity of will-power, drink in long draughts the celestial hope of vague expectations. These only remain to be realized presently, when the chief marked by Destiny shall have given the word. There you have the ultimate framework of an old but childish race."

Clemenceau died convinced that the dreams of world-mastery dreamed by the Germans in their *Bierstuben* did not vanish with the foam on their beers. These dreams, as he saw it, were being translated by Germany into concrete realities under the very eyes of the Allies who had vanquished her. Back we go to the days of the Inter-Allied commissions of the early post-war years, which traveled over Germany ferreting out hidden arms, as Clemenceau, thoroughly imbued still with the spirit of those days, catalogues the number of cannon, rifles, machine-guns, trench mortars and other warlike paraphernalia which the Germans, according to him, are holding in readiness for their next attempt to conquer Europe. He points a warning finger at German development in aviation, at her fleet of planes "equipped so as to be able, at a day's notice, to carry a huge number of bombs.

"Germany is not disarming, but, on the contrary, she is arming," warns Clemenceau—writing, not in 1900, not in 1914, not in 1918 nor 1920, but ten years after the Treaty of Versailles, at the very end of his long life, in 1929. Germany, he insists, is preparing for war. "In 1928 France spent six milliards of francs on her military forces: Germany spent eight."

Clemenceau's book is a hymn of hate in prose. Whether, like the Bourbons, he has learned nothing, is a matter for discussion; that, like them, he has forgotten nothing, is beyond question. If the perpetuation of European hates is the best thing for Europe, Georges Clemenceau was one of the greatest of Europeans; if consistency, even in hating, is a jewel, his mind was a gem of purest ray serene.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

▶▶ Kyotchek ◀◀

By STOYAN CHRISTOWE

AMERICA is nursery for many outlandish customs and institutions. The floods of peoples that poured in upon these shores and spread over the vast expanse of continent carried foreign tastes and predilections which have left their impress on American life. To be sure, as fast as they came America stripped the immigrants of their gay costumes and alien appendages, such as beards and moustaches, but their deeply imbedded traits and characteristics could not be rubbed out with the same ease and readiness. As a consequence, customs and traditions, many by now abandoned and forgotten in the old countries, have been engrafted in this country and have thriven with amazing persistence. It is not unlikely that at some future date foreign ethnologists studying the past customs and habits of their people may have to come to America to observe living examples of the same.

Of the many heterogeneous institutions which the more recent immigrants to America transplanted upon the chaste soil of this land probably the most exotic and the least known about is the "kyotchek"—a terpsichorean revelry brought here from the classic shores of Greece and the quaint, weird coffee houses of the Levant. In its place of origin, kyotchek has gone the way of the yashmak, the fez, and other semi-Oriental appurtenances which draped with mystery and speckled with color and glamor the Near Eastern world. There the word kyotchek now remains merely the name of a dance entertainment that one saw twenty years ago. But in America, despite the abundance and diversity of amusement, kyotchek found a nourishing soil and a healthful climate. For a generation it has enjoyed a popularity in Balkan and Near Eastern colonies throughout the United States, particularly in the Middle West, where immigrants from these parts of the world are settled in larger numbers.

Kyotchek is superimposed upon the coffee house. What the playhouse is to the play the coffee house is to kyotchek. Happily, then—or otherwise some would insist—coffee houses were established in this country simultaneously with the influx of immigrants from those countries in which they existed. Their introduction is not to be wondered at. Nearly all immigrants from southeastern Europe and from Asia Minor came here without their families; they came as people go to a gold rush, or to a boom place; they came to fill their pockets with gold and return to their homelands. But many stayed, and for every one that went back two fresh ones arrived.

Unlike the immigrants from the northern parts of Europe, these swarthy people from the southeast, who invaded America in large numbers, were farther removed from American culture and civilization. Their advent was regarded as an intrusion and resented by the northerners who had preceded them. In many is alive the memory of days when they could not walk out of their quarters without being "tomatoed" or otherwise assaulted by unbridled youngsters, or "dagoed" and "God-damned" by their fathers. Settled in the more obscure sections of the cities where they created tiny worlds of their own, they soon felt the need of places where they could gather to talk and while away the tedious hours of immigrant existence. The opening of coffee houses patterned after those in the old countries was but natural. Here at least they could shut themselves in and find respite from the American world.

BUT THAT THESE Oriental *tembelanés* should have enjoyed a steady growth over a long period of time and developed into a considerable business in a country seized with the spirit of material creativeness and harassed with maniacal activity is a phenomenon. The coffee house is indigenous to the sluggish Oriental who keeps no track of his time. In it one sits for hours dozing over his cup of Turkish coffee and lazily drawing at his narghile. Yet in this country, wherever there are twenty Armenians, or Greeks, or Bulgarians, or Assyrians, there one is bound to find the anachronistic coffee house. And there, amidst the clatter of the riveting machine and the furious tempo of a material civilization the narghile is kept gurgling and the dice rattle in the *tablah*.

In cities like Chicago, Detroit, St. Louis, where there are large colonies of Balkan immigrants there are coffee houses for the different strata of immigrant society—dingy places for the menial workers and luxuriously appointed parlors that cater to the intelligentsia and the business class.

A coffee house is generally located in a big hall either on the first or second floor of a building. It is furnished with marble-topped tables and chairs with wire-twisted legs. The walls are decorated with the pictures of old country statesmen with whose policies the patrons are in agreement. In a community of Venizelists pictures of the late kings of Greece are not in view. In Macedonian coffee houses one sees portraits of comitadji chieftains. At the back end of the hall there is a small kitchen where the proprietor brews the coffee and the tea which he himself serves to his patrons. "Lokum," "baklava" and other Oriental delicacies are also served, in addition to bottled American soft drinks.

In those coffee houses equipped for kyotchek presentations there is a small stage near the kitchen. And it is here the interesting performances take place. Whoever has seen (and who has not in the movies) an Oriental potentate seated on a soft divan and gazing rapturously at his favorite odalisk wriggling and twisting her sinuous body has a fair idea of what kyotchek is.

The commercially-spirited Greek immigrants may boast credit for the importation of this bacchanal to the chaste shores of America. Slightly altered from the original version, having yielded to such influences as American jazz has exerted upon it, the kyotchek has been elevated by the astute Greeks from a dubious pastime to a highly profitable business with a semblance of respectability about it. It may well rank as one of the minor amusement enterprises in America, though the Americans themselves know nothing of it.

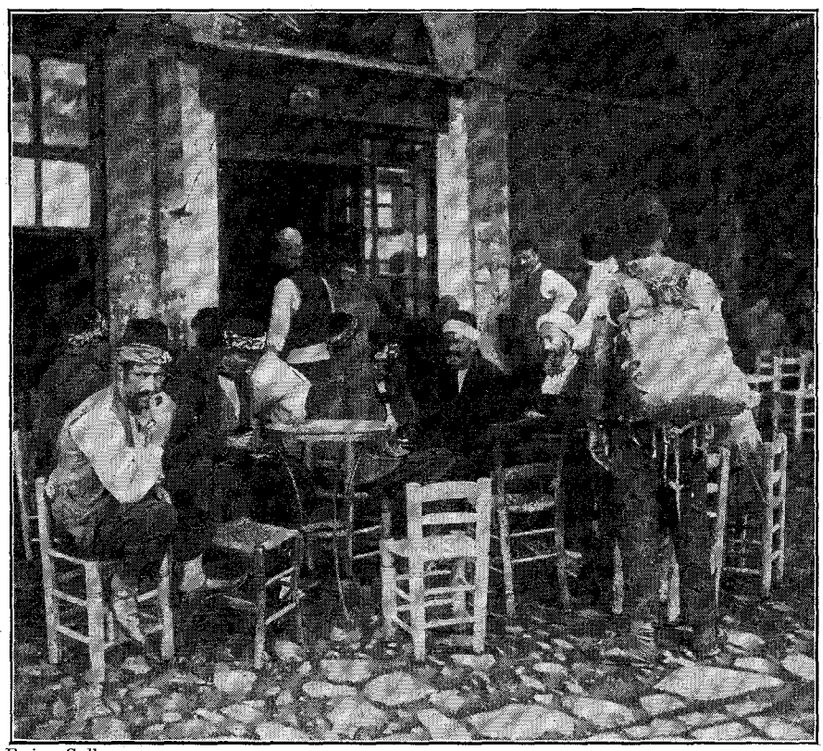
The kyotchek troupe consists of two girls and three men, the latter making the orchestra of a violin, a clarinet and a xylophone. The girls, mostly American born, schooled by the managers to sing obscene Turkish and Greek songs and to dance the sensuous kyotchek, are generally plump of body—a discernment on the part of the producers, they having taken into consideration the tastes of their patrons, whose esthetic appreciations have not escaped the influence of long cohabitation with their Oriental masters.

Unable to speak the languages of the Near East, the girls learn the songs by

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

heart and sing them with zeal and animation. After each number the girl having sung or gone through the contortions of the kyotchek passes the tambourine from table to table for the patrons to drop nickels and dimes in it. No admission having been charged, the attendant of the kyotchek considers it almost obligatory to make his regular contribution.

The collections thus made, however, are but an inconsiderable part of the total earnings of the kyotchek troupe. The girls' chief income is from admirers who lay dollar bills at their feet while they are in the very heat of the kyotchek, and who follow their footsteps outside the coffee house. A spirited rivalry to outdo each other in their gifts is often ingeniously started among their worshippers by the girls themselves, whose bosoms keep swelling with crumpled bills which they pick from the floor where they are tossed with impressive gestures. It is an experience to watch a Greek toss a banknote to a kyotchek girl. The joy he feels at the moment is worth to him ten times the sacrifice. Having bestowed the gift he retakes his seat and, blushing all over, glances modestly before him and shakes the ashes from his cigarette into his empty coffee cup, his eyelids fluttering like a bride's. He thinks every one's eyes have been transferred from the dancer to his own person.



Ewing Galloway

The Turkish counterpart of the coffee house

The baiting of immigrant fatheads with fat bank books, therefore, is a more fertile field to the kyotchek girl than the dais in the coffee house upon which she squirms and wiggles her supple body. Kyotchek gives her both an opportunity for exhibitionism and a chance, through the wanton movements of it, of enhancing her appeal and enticing the sex-atrophied immigrant to forgetfulness. Many a poor devil has spent his last penny, earned with sweat and blood, on one of these creatures who beguile him with utmost ingenuity, nourishing him with a make-believe affection and occasionally lapsing into moments of bogus abandonment designed to inspire him to greater fervor of extravagance. Peasant that he is, knowing only the crude and timid pleasures of rough, wool-clad village spouses, he falls all too easily for these skirted, soft-skinned kyotchek *tchengi*.

The queen of kyotchek in America, the girl renowned throughout the colonies, playing as she did with equal skill the callow Bulgar and the crafty Greek, was Karamka. She was a fiery, disarming woman, and caused more Greek restaurants to close down than bad business ever did. She spoke all the hybrid tongues of the Balkan peninsula and no one knew what she was. Some claimed that she was a Bulgarian; others that she was Greek; still others that she was a Serb, Russian, Rumanian. She probably was a Gipsy. Whatever she was, with consummate skill she dispatched the erstwhile Serbian swineherd and the Bulgar husbandman back to the coal mines in Illinois or Pennsylvania to replenish their shrunken money-belts, and deprived the shrewdest Kalamata Greek of his place of business.

I have been privileged to see this princess of kyotchek. And I shall never forget the picture. It was in a Bulgarian coffee house in St. Louis. The place was choked. Even pillars of peasant uprightness, with large families in the old country, groomed up their mustachios, shaving of which they considered a sacrilege, and turned out for the occasion. People came from surrounding districts, and Karamka's devotees from the Greek colony, where that very evening there were no fewer than a dozen troupes performing, crowded the place.

To an American Karamka would not be the ideal woman. But to those Balkan voluptuaries she was Venus reincarnated. Her plumpness was so distributed that she was by no means flabby. Rather, she had in her that desirable peasant strength and dimension ideally combined with a softness and polish of the city. Her oval face was smooth as the skin of an olive, her large eyes emitted warmth and passion. She was a powerful sex-motivator; she wound up the immigrants as one winds up the spring of a clock. She stamped her foot proudly on the dais, and her supple body, contours and curves enticing, through the transparency of her dress, began to twist, to wriggle, to sway. As the music became giddier and tingled in the blood of the people, where it had been since their childhood, Karamka's body shook with wild, exuberant passion. None dared order a drink, nor stir from his place; movements were confined to curling of moustaches or rubbing of chins. With mouths open and eyes fastened on the dancer's quivering body, with white porcelain cups half-filled with Turkish coffee frozen in their hands, and with cigarettes stuck extinguished to their lips, her audience sat there charmed by the serpentine figure.

The dance finished, rusty immigrants lately returned from railroad tracks in Montana or pipelines in Oklahoma, unbuttoned jackets, and, stooping beneath

(Please Turn to Page 74)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

▶▶ Your Right to Cross the Street ◀◀

By **MYRON M. STEARNS**

LAST YEAR a man walking along Forty-Fourth Street, near the corner of Sixth Avenue, in New York, was surprised to see a lady sailing through the air across the sidewalk in front of him. She was in a sitting position, feet straight out, about a yard above the ground, traveling fast, skirts blown back by the wind. On her face was an expression of horrified astonishment.

The next instant—since the impression that the lady was moving in a flat trajectory parallel to the earth's surface was after all merely an optical illusion—she landed. The man hurried to help her. When he touched her she screamed; the spell was broken. A crowd began to form. A policeman came up and took charge. With the assistance of a couple of men he carried the lady into a drug store, and rang for an ambulance. She proved to be seriously, but not fatally, injured. Struck a glancing blow by the fender of a suddenly-stopped four-wheel-brake taxicab, by a narrow margin she had escaped inclusion in the list of New York City's 1,300-odd automobile accident deaths for 1929.

The incident gives a justifiable picture of our grotesquely tragic automobile mortality. Against 27,966 people killed in auto accidents in 1928, carefully compiled estimates for 1929 give 31,500—a figure likely to be increased slightly as the final returns straggle in. One automobile death every seventeen minutes, on an average throughout the year, as a recently-published poster has it. One hundred and six deaths for every hundred-thousand cars registered—the highest rate since 1923. Twenty-three deaths for each hundred-thousand people in the country—an increase of nearly thirteen per cent over 1928.

Of all those 31,500 fatalities of 1929, more than 18,000 occurred when an automobile struck a pedestrian—approximately six out of every ten. Automobile collisions at intersections, grade-crossing accidents, machines that went over banks or climbed trees in response to the wild call of the Demon Rum, overturned buses and broken steering-knuckles, all added together did not account for as many deaths as did the gentry we have come to call, regardless of whether or not they use due caution or step into the way of death-dealing cars in absent-minded asininity, jay-walkers.

But now let us have another picture.

A man, perhaps hurrying to keep an appointment or catch a train, steps off the curbstone to cross Fifth Street, at the corner of Mission, in San Francisco. Although at that particular moment, we'll say, there happens to be no car within a block, a police whistle blows sharply. The man stops, startled, as a traffic officer steps up to him.

"Say, what's the big idea? You in a hurry to go somewheres? You get back there where you belong and wait for the lights!"

The man returns precipitately to the corner he has quitted, and the little group of law-minded pedestrians that is accumulating at the curb (any crowd is usually agin' the chap who makes a mistake) jeers pleasantly.

THERE we have a view of one of our perplexing problems of motorized civilization. On one side a tremendous death-toll from automobile collisions with pedestrians. On the other, one of the irritating and often time-wasting remedies that is being applied on an enormous scale, somewhat as a physician of an earlier day might apply a mustard plaster to cure a cancer. San Francisco, Seattle, Los Angeles, practically all the cities of the Pacific Coast and a great many of those throughout the rest of the country, particularly in the Middle West and Southwest, are relying on jay-walking laws to reduce the accident toll. Fort Worth, Texas, for example, has been a strict "no jay-walking" town for years. Other cities, notably New York and Chicago, let pedestrians cross streets more or less as they please, taking their own chances. Still others, such as Indianapolis, after a period of strict pedestrian regulation, have returned to comparative disregard for rules about when or where to cross the street. Today, although large eastern cities have been slow to adopt strict regulation of pedestrian traffic, they are coming closer and closer to it, while western cities have gone ahead and put it in force.

Making a trip, last winter, that took me from one corner of the country to the other, I found myself beginning to wonder whether or not these pedestrian laws, that line people up against cornerstones to wait for the traffic lights—a dozen here and a hundred at the intersection beyond, until the total for the whole country runs to staggering millions every hour of the day—whether or not they are really effective. Obviously, they are designed either to reduce accidents, or to speed up traffic, or both. From the standpoint of speeding up traffic, I decided, they are a joke, for the simple reason that they delay, unquestionably, more persons than they assist. They speed up vehicular traffic in places, but almost invariably delay pedestrian traffic to do it. In the downtown section of all large cities there are far more pedestrians than motorists. The average to a car is less than two people, and at most busy corners there are from five to twenty times as many pedestrians as there are automobiles. As many as 66,000 people have been counted going toward the intersection of State and Madison Streets in Chicago, for example, in a single hour at the peak of the day's shopping period, while the number of automobiles passing the same intersection is rarely more than 4,000 an hour. At Forty-Second Street and Fifth Avenue, in New York, between 1,000 and 1,500 cars move northward during the peak of the day's traffic, between five and six o'clock in the afternoon, while the number of pedestrians is usually at least ten or fifteen times as great. Also, since nowadays practically all pedestrians are also motorists at one time or another, and as all motorists bent on downtown shopping presently turn pedestrian, we have (from a time-saving standpoint) the absurdity of half a dozen people penalizing themselves in order that the seventh may travel faster. Or, if you prefer, a man penalizing himself ten minutes or more in order to save one.

The matter of safety is different, and of course vastly more important. Obviously, if jay-walking laws really cut down automobile fatalities, even those cities that have not yet introduced them should seriously be looking into their adoption. Conversely, if they do not prevent accidents, literally tens of millions of people a day are being delayed and irritated by a chimerical cure-all that really cures nothing.

Investigating, I found, as one learns is usually the case in matters connected with traffic regulation, that very little adequate data has yet accumulated on which to base really reliable findings. I

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

talked with Grover Whalen and Philip Hoyt, Police Commissioner and Traffic Department head, respectively, in New York, I looked into records of the National Safety Council and the National Automobile Chamber of Commerce, I got in touch with such prominent safety engineers as Dr. Lewis Deblois of the National Bureau of Casualty and Surety Underwriters, and E. J. McIlraith, staff engineer and traffic authority of the Chicago Surface Lines, and wrote to the police departments of some seventy-five different cities scattered from Florida and Maine to Washington and California. In the end I felt justified in coming to conclusions quite widely at variance with most of the popular ideas concerning the regulation of jay-walkers, and even of city traffic in general.

Our present traffic jams are a natural outgrowth of the automobile-owning habit, little dreamed about in the distant years between 1895 and 1900, when the new gasoline-wagons, because of their great speed, were actually hailed as one of the factors that would at last do away with traffic congestion. According to Automobile Chamber of Commerce figures, there were 743,616 cars registered in Los Angeles in 1928, which would mean something like one auto for every two people in the city. In New York, with the influx of machines from Long Island and New Jersey, it is estimated that there are a million moving cars a day. The Queensboro Bridge, built to accommodate 40,000, already carries more than twice the number it was designed for—90,000 cars a day.

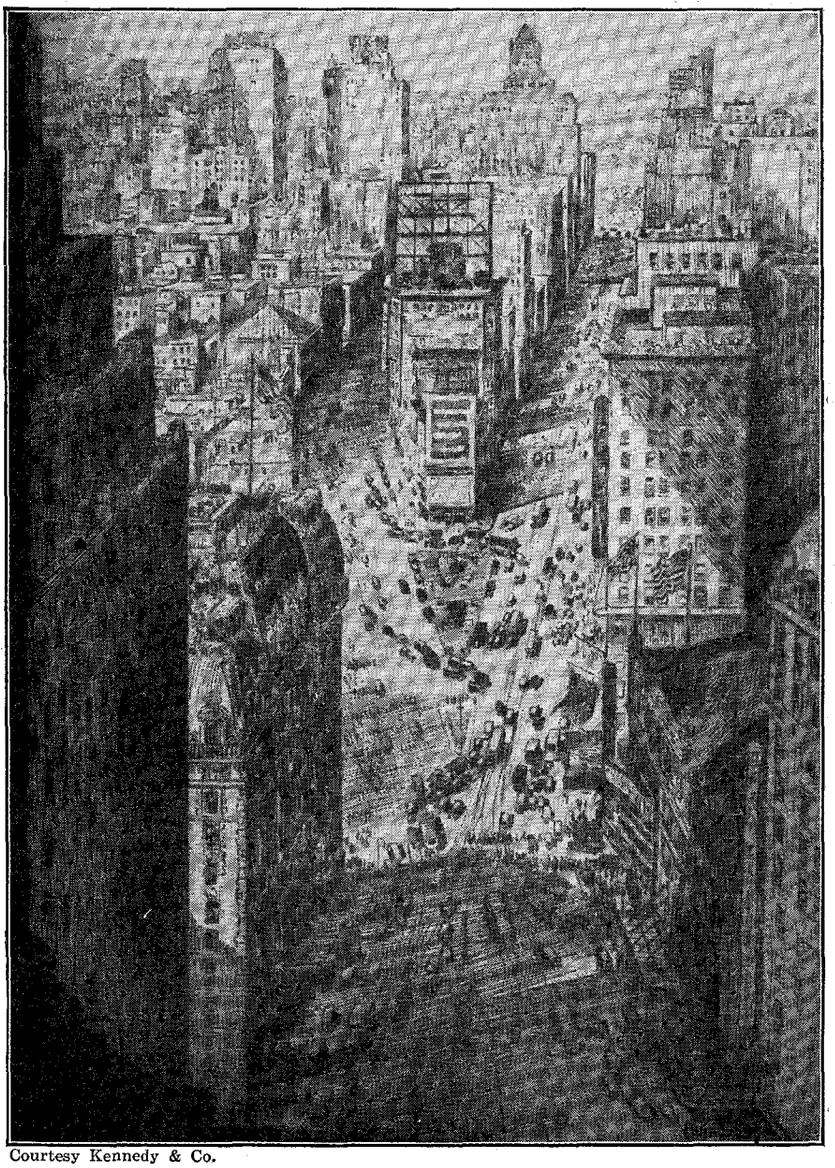
As this heavy volume of automobile traffic began to develop, the tendency of drivers to "hog the intersection" brought about countless stoppages, and numerous collisions. So traffic officers were appointed, more or less as umpires, to signal one driver or another that he had the right of way. They served a three-fold purpose: to secure fair play through "regulating" traffic, to prevent accidents, and—if possible—to expedite traffic through avoidance of blockage and delay. Time-saving, from the very first, has been least important. North and south cars have been stopped, and delayed, to allow east and west cars to proceed. Fair play, and a greater degree of safety, have been the main rewards.

In popular estimation that order has been exactly reversed. Most people think of traffic regulation as a time-saving device first and foremost, and secondly as a safety measure, while the fair-play idea has hardly been considered.

Early traffic officers caused even more delay than was necessary. A northbound machine would be stopped, held awhile, and then allowed to proceed for a single block, only to be stopped again at the very next intersection. In downtown New York, to avoid this confusion, a red flag was tied to a long pole. When it was raised the traffic officers at Worth Street, Chambers Street, and Canal Street, would all blow their whistles and change the traffic direction. It was the beginning of the traffic-light system. A next step was putting a red light on a standpipe. It was not primarily intended as a guide for the motorists; it was to help the traffic officers, so that, by synchronizing their efforts, they could do a better job of umpiring.

Red and green traffic signals soon came into general use, with yellow caution-lights thrown in for good measure. They made traffic regulation easier and cheaper. From the standpoint of the motorist the lights are on the whole acceptable. Occasionally a misplaced light in some small town arouses resentment because of the obviously unnecessary delay, but such cases are, on the whole, exceptional. In cities our crowded traffic moves ahead, stops, and moves ahead again, in a fairly orderly progression. Sometimes, because of the lights, it moves more slowly. But it moves with a greater degree of fairness, and with greater orderliness, which means safety.

All this regulation concerned itself



Courtesy Kennedy & Co.

ROARING FORTIES
An etching by W. C. McNulty

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

with vehicles. It failed to solve the accident problem in any great degree. In 1920 we had 10.4 automobile fatalities per 100,000 people; in 1928 we had 20.3. As we have seen, last year the rate stepped up still further, to 23.2. In 1926 there were 95.5 automobile deaths for each 100,000 cars—the lowest point on the whole long record. In 1928 it went up to 99.7, and last year to 106.6.

Next, still in an effort to untie the snarls of congested traffic, came the regulation of pedestrians. In the downtown sections of big cities crowds of people continually sifting across the streets drove both drivers and policemen nearly crazy. It seemed as though, if they could only be kept out of the way, traffic would move faster, and there would be fewer accidents. Some one coined the opprobrious word "jaywalker." That made things easier. It made random street-crossing discreditable. It put the stamp of public disapproval on stepping from the curb at any unsanctioned time or place.

That was, and is, directly at variance with one of the old rules of the road that gave a pedestrian just as much right to use the street as a motorist. The primary object of a street, according to the old English Common Law from which most of our own legal interpretations descend, is "the free passage of the public." The test is whether or not motorist or pedestrian, or mule-team driver, exercises his right unfairly, or in such a way as to deprive other users of the highway of *their* rights. In an Illinois law suit, Benison v. Dembinsky, 241 Ill. App. 530, an ordinance providing that: "Pedestrians shall cross roadways at right angles (never diagonally) and on the cross-walks. Pedestrians shall observe traffic regulations before stepping from the curb and shall watch for traffic officers' signal and heed traffic signs and limit-lines," was held not valid, as being beyond the power of the city to enact. On the other hand, in Mississippi, Alabama, Indiana, Washington, similar ordinances have been held valid.

In brave disregard of original rights most jay-walking ordinances follow the Mississippi, Alabama, Indiana and Washington lead.

Now note: this has been possible because of the confusion of ideas regarding speed, safety, and fair play. Backed by motoring interests because of the idea that pedestrian regulation can speed vehicular traffic, they have been unopposed, in most cities, by pedestrians—who submit to regulation in the belief that it promotes safety. Since, in forbidding a pedestrian to cross a city street between intersections such ordinances in effect give dangerous automobiles a right of way over harmless pedestrians, the third idea, of fair-play, is usually quite forgotten.

In speed, as we have already seen, the jay-walker ordinances defeat their own purpose, since they delay more people, and consequently lose more minutes, than they save. But now let's have a look at the safety side.

First and foremost, we find that the congested areas of cities, where pedestrian traffic is regulated, are not the most dangerous areas. "It is a thoroughly established fact," states Mr. McIlraith, who is probably more of an authority on the subject than any other one man in the country, "that pedestrian control is not necessary from a safety standpoint in the central districts of large cities, because very few accidents occur in such districts." It is true that in downtown sections there is often a prodigious amount of fender-bumping, but serious accidents are relatively few. Before me as I write is a large map of Detroit, with little red crosses marking the spots where that city's 351 automobile fatalities of 1928 occurred. They are scattered abundantly all over the entire map, hardly more numerous in any one section than in any other. Consequently the relatively small heart of the city, where the heavy pedestrian flow is, has only a fraction of the total fatality list; the residential districts and suburbs, in spite of the more limited population, in the aggregate account for more than four-fifths of it. In the residential districts automobiles move faster, and pedestrians are also less on guard. Downtown, motorists have to be alert every instant, and usually any one crossing the street is also on the lookout for trouble.

Right there we strike a keynote. Automobile-and-pedestrian accidents usually come from a combination of inattention (on the part of the pedestrian) and speed (on the part of the motorist). Of the 2,579 automobile accidents involving pedestrians reported in the State of Connecticut in 1928, 2,239—all but 340 of the total—were classified, for the pedestrian, as "Crossed street inattentively," or "Stepped out from behind object before looking." Every time you reduce the feeling of danger, or increase the speed—and particularly when you do both—you increase the accident rate.

In nearly all jay-walker ordinances, the motorist, who can cause accidents, is left free, while the pedestrian, who is at least harmless to others, is restricted. The man on the street is allowed to walk only straight ahead across the intersection when he is given the "go ahead" signal, while in nearly all cities motorists are allowed to turn into cross streets, cutting through the pedestrian procession alongside at will. In Seattle, where pedestrians obey traffic signals in the downtown section like little soldiers, I was compelled last winter to jump for my life every time an automobile turned sharp right at me—and the occasions were numerous enough. Let "controlled" pedestrians of other cities check their own experiences in this respect, and see if the danger is not uniform.

With pedestrian traffic regulated, cars travel at greater speed, and are harder to stop. Motorists are likely to be less cautious, since they are given the right of way; it is up to the pedestrians to look out for themselves. Pedestrians are less cautious because they feel protected by the law. Having obeyed the law themselves by waiting for the green light, they cross the street less carefully, knowing they have police sanction for going ahead.

Only where pedestrian traffic is regulated solely in the interest of fair play, with automobile traffic actually slowed down, instead of being speeded up, does there appear to be even a chance of securing greater safety. Even then it is a toss-up. In Cincinnati, for example, the yellow light flashed between each red-and-green is held for an unusually long time, to give pedestrians a chance to get clear across the intersection before the motor traffic starts up. Clearly, this slows traffic down instead of speeding it up—but it does make life a little easier for Lo, the Poor Pedestrian. Yet Cincinnati has a high accident rate. In New Britain, Connecticut, traffic lights are flashed in a three-way rotation—red, green, yellow—with the sign: "Walk on yellow, turn right on red." Probably the most logical of all these light-systems for the actual, instead of the merely theoretical, benefit of pedestrians is that now being installed in New York City, known as the "Four-way red." For an interval between each set of green lights, motor traffic is held by red lights showing in all four directions, while pedestrians are signalled to go ahead with everything clear. Again this is clearly a measure that delays traffic, instead of speeding it up—but it is the only method which promises a meas-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ure of real protection for pedestrians.

"If there's straight-through traffic only," Commissioner Hoyt told me, "with no turns allowed, either right or left, you can have pedestrian control without increasing the danger."

Clearly, most jay-walker laws for pedestrian control discriminate unfairly in favor of the motorist. Clearly, they waste far more time than they save. Theoretically, in the matter of safety, they do not really help.

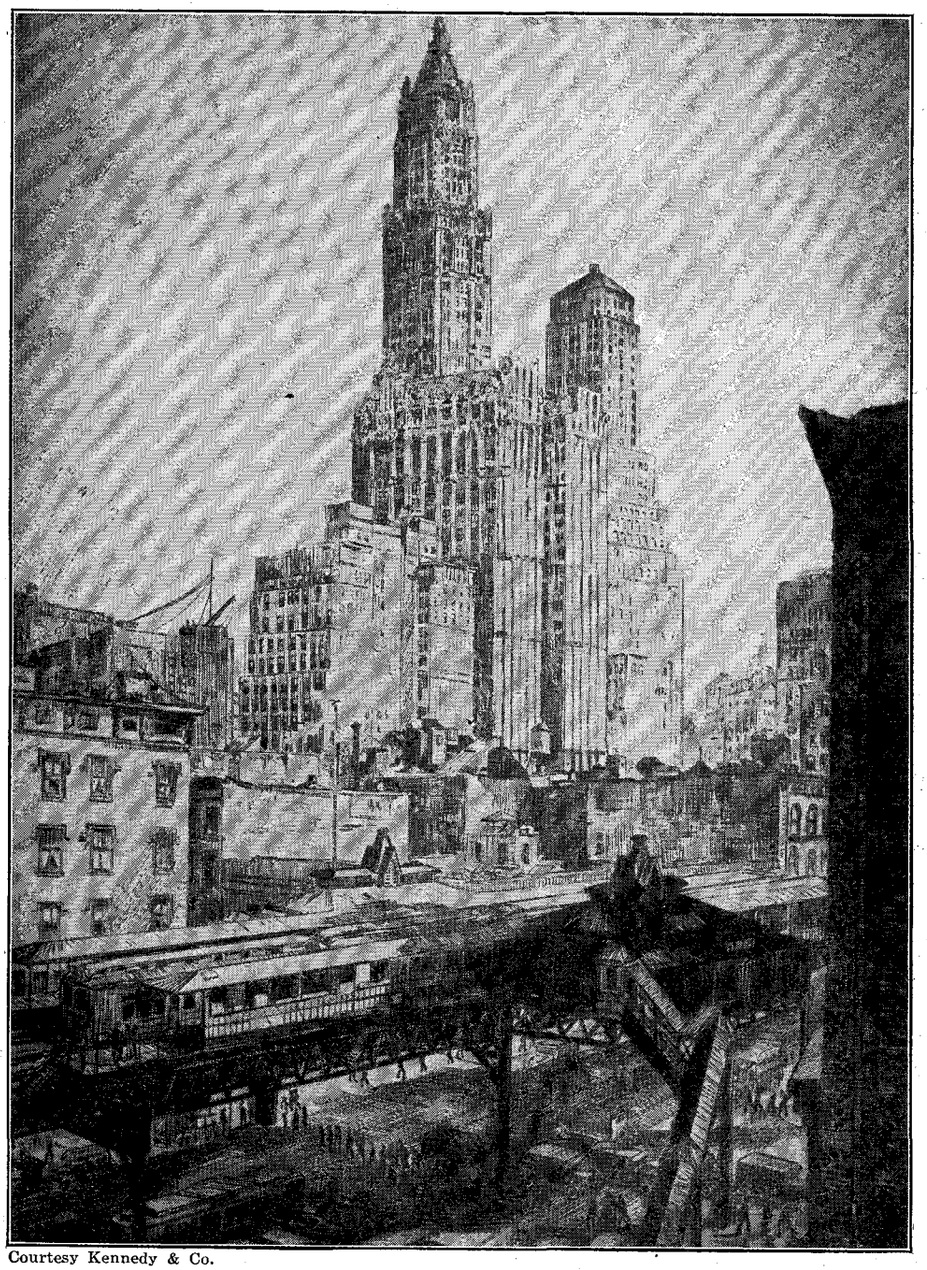
That brings us to the proof of the pudding. Do the accident figures, for the strict jay-walking cities, bear this out?

So far as I can learn, they do, most abundantly. It is necessary to reiterate the fact that available data is inadequate, and figures are apt to be misleading. They are neither sufficiently clear nor complete to "scientifically prove" anything at all. Still, they are impressive. I have been over the population, automobile registration, and fatal-accident figures, for ten years past, on various cities that have adopted jay-walking ordinances, as well as on others that have not. If they prove anything at all, it is that pedestrian control has improved safety conditions little, if any. Often, immediately after the adoption of a new ordinance, there is a temporary improvement. Then matters slip right back to the old basis, that is determined largely by the character of the population, the nature of the police force, and the manners of the motorists.

In New York, where pedestrian control has never been strictly enforced and where traffic problems are admittedly difficult, automobile deaths remained almost constant from 1925 to 1928, in the vicinity of a thousand a year—1,022 in 1925, 1,071 in 1928. Last year they jumped up to 1,328, with an average of one death for every 4,530 people, as against one for every 5,618 the year before. But in Los Angeles, a strict "no jay-walking" town that has also spent hundreds of thousands of dollars in fine pedestrian-crossing tunnels and other experiments, there were only 4,792 people for every automobile fatality in 1928, and in 1929, with a jump of more than a hundred in deaths from 313 to 432, there was one fatal auto accident for every 3,472 people. Cincinnati, with all its precautions in the way of long yellow lights to compensate controlled pedestrians, had in 1928 one automobile death for every 3,836 people. Indianapolis, where pedestrian control ordinances flourished for a time, has run steadily along with about one motor-fatality to every 4,000 of population; in 1928 it was one to 4,141. On the other hand, New Bedford, in the State of Massachusetts, where jay-walking laws are almost unknown, had only one auto-accident death to every 9,154 people last year, and one to 14,875 the year before. All these figures are of course "scientifically inaccurate" in small detail, but when, even in mere approximations, one looks at the record of one city after another—Fort Worth, Seattle, San Francisco—the fact that "no jay-walker" towns are no better off than the rest seems apparent. California, one of the strongest "no jay-walking" States, last year saw an automobile-fatality increase over 1928 of 20.4 per cent.

Incidentally, some of my questions evoked an interesting set of divergencies in traffic-law enforcement. In Los Angeles there were in 1928 no less than

(Please Turn to Page 80)



Courtesy Kennedy & Co.

DOWNTOWN NEW YORK
An etching by W. C. McNulty

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Trend of Events

Pussyfoot Corner

CHALLENGED to declare whether or not he favors the repeal of the 18th Amendment, Governor Franklin D. Roosevelt of New York replied:

"I was elected for a two-year term on a state platform which defined the attitude of the Democratic party on the question. That term has not expired. The party, in its next state convention, will assert its position again, and the nominee selected to run for Governor will take his stand on that platform. Until that convention assembles, there is logically no need for me to define state issues."

The Why of It

THIS IS NOT the first time Governor Roosevelt has been challenged to declare himself on prohibition nor the first time he has pussyfooted. It matters little that the latest challenge came from state Senator Fearon, aspirant for the Republican nomination for Governor, and that its obvious purpose was to put Mr. Roosevelt in a hole. Coming from another source, with another motive, it probably would have received a similar reply.

The Republican party in New York is badly split on prohibition. In New York City it is wet; up-state, in the rural districts, it is dry. This split may widen at the Republican state convention. Just now, the party is harassed by two fears: that, if it nominates a dry candidate for Governor, it might as well not nominate any one, and that, if it nominates a wet, a dry Republican candidate will come forward, divert part of the normal Republican vote and insure the election of a Democrat. Senator Fearon, noting his party become steadily wetter down-state and steadily less dry up-state, has decided to run the risk of outright wetness. He has therefore declared for repeal of the 18th Amendment.

As far as New York itself is concerned, Governor Roosevelt has no such need to look both ways before jumping. The Democratic party in New York State is as wet as the Atlantic. But the Governor is one of the foremost candidates for the Democratic presidential nomination in 1932. Hence the challenge by Senator Fearon, who, plainly, hoped that if Mr. Roosevelt returned a dry answer it would injure his excellent prospects for being re-elected Governor, while, if he returned a wet one, it would injure his prospects of being nominated for President. The Governor returned neither. He pussyfooted.

Doubtless many dry Democrats would be satisfied to have him pussyfoot on prohibition indefinitely. The dry Senator Wheeler of Montana has already launched the Roosevelt presidential boom by declaring that, if New York re-elects him Governor, "the West will demand his nomination for President and the whole country will elect him." The issues, Senator Wheeler explains, will be, first, control of power and public utilities, and, secondly, the poor old tariff. In other words, anything but prohibition, the one issue in which the country is really interested. Unfortunately for this counsel, it won't work. Mr. Roosevelt, as a neutral on prohibition, might win the Democratic nomination for President, but in reasonably normal times he would almost surely lose the election.

Wide World

EVADES ISSUE

Governor Roosevelt refuses to state attitude on repeal of 18th Amendment

Invention

TRAVELING on one of the two fast trains between Toronto and Montreal, you may now step to the rear of the club car, call up your friends and greet them with a witty "Guess who this is." You may, whether your friends live in Washington, D. C., or London, England, or almost anywhere else. The moving-train telephone device, demonstrated some months ago, has been perfected and installed for public use by the Canadian National Railway. It has been officially put into service by the president of the railroad, who comfortably exchanged the customary congratulations and canyouhearmes with listeners here and overseas. Doubtless it will soon be as much a part of railway travel as plush footstools and paper drinking cups.

The new mechanism, like all those which fill the average modern home, is entirely wonderful. The speaker uses an ordinary telephone. The voice is broadcast to telegraph wires running parallel to the railroad tracks. The human voice is thus disintegrated, spoken words vanishing into high frequency cycles which are hurled from the train to the carrier current telegraph wires. Along these, big business deals, high-pressure salesmanship, and stop-press news dispatches run to pick-up stations, where the voice is re-assembled and carried onward over telephone wires.

It is wonderful, surely. And is the public impressed? Perhaps Will Rogers is as representative a spokesman as the public has. He says: "That's not an invention, that's a pest. This means that you can't go anywhere without somebody saying, 'Mr. Jones, if you will step to the back end of the plane, that automobile salesman is on the phone.' "

Is the public getting bored with its gadgets? Does it want an inventor to produce assurance that the time saved by inventions will be time in which to be contented, healthy, amused and unbewildered by the meaning of its wire-wrapped gyrations from place to place? Hush, now; that's no way to act. You know what happens to children who grow tired of their toys. They are given new ones.

New Newberry Case

WHEN, running for a nomination to the Senate, you spend $26,000 on printing, $20,000 on field workers, $15,000 on newspaper advertising, and so forth

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and so on—when you do that, why, that mounts up. It may mount up, as Ruth Hanna McCormick told the Senate campaign funds investigating committee, to $252,000. The salary of a Senator is $10,000 a year. Mrs. McCormick, therefore, merely to secure the Republican nomination for Senator from Illinois, has already spent her salary as a Senator for twenty-five years. How much she will be obliged to spend if she is to defeat her Democratic opponent, James Hamilton Lewis, this fall, only Heaven, and perhaps Mrs. McCormick, can surmise.

Ordinarily, Illinois is a strongly Republican state. In 1928, Hoover carried it against Smith by a plurality of 450,000. But Mrs. McCormick is a dry, while her Democratic opponent is quite as wet as Illinois itself. Naturally, the betting odds favor Mrs. McCormick, but it is generally conceded that Mr. Lewis should give her a pretty close race. If Mrs. McCormick wants a seat in the Senate badly enough to pay a quarter of a million for it, she doubtless wants it badly enough to pay still more. No doubt all who have profited or expect to profit by her disbursements will warn her against the perils of miserliness with the real battle yet to come.

The Senate campaign funds committee seem to have noted Mrs. McCormick's expenditures with almost complete calm. There is really so little to say about such huge outlays that has not been said many times over since the Smith-McKinley (Illinois) and the Pepper-Vare-Pinchot (Pennsylvania) primaries of 1926. Possibly Congress will now strive to fix an expenditure limit beyond which no national candidate may go; more likely, it will realize the extreme difficulty of the job and leave it untouched. Possibly the Senate will publicly rebuke Mrs. McCormick for spending $250,000, or publicly rebuke itself for rebuking Senator Newberry for spending $190,000. But one doubts it. As the Senate knows, the Newberry case is past and well-nigh forgotten. As it also knows, Mrs. McCormick is a lady, and thus entitled to gallantry. So that the upper house, confronted with the Illinois figures, is likely to wrap itself in its toga, bow, and be silent.

▸▸*The Naval Treaty*

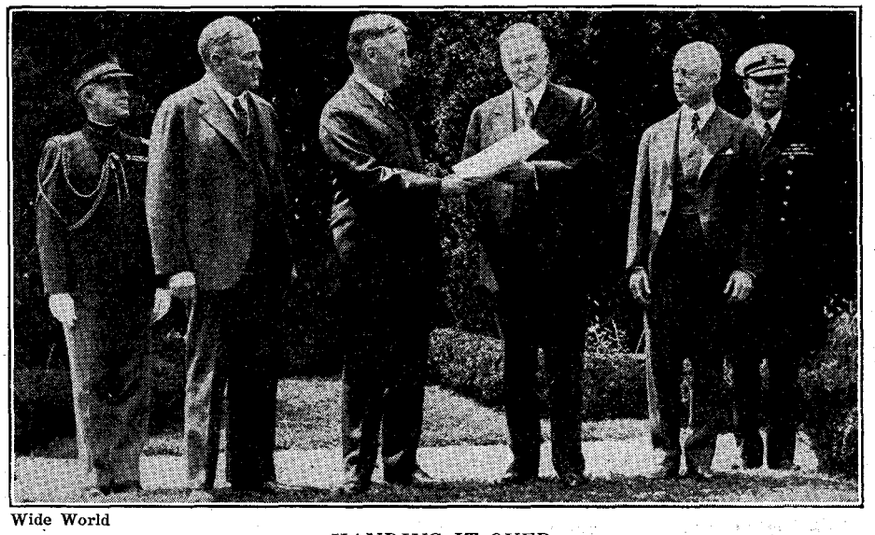
A BATTLESHIP and three destroyers greeted the American delegates to the disarmament conference as the Leviathan approached American shores. Cannon in New York harbor gave these foes of armaments rousing ambassadorial salutes. The city itself accorded them a typical channel-swimmer reception—featuring ticker tape, the police band, the municipal tug Macom, Grover Whalen and an automobile ride up Broadway. In Washington, a score of notables met them at the station. On motion of the ultra-Republican Senator Watson, the Senate appointed a committee to escort the Democratic Senator Robinson into the Senate chamber.

On the south lawn of the White House, Secretary Stimson handed President Hoover the official copy of the treaty, receiving presidential thanks "for a task well done." Unimpressed cameramen registered the scene for newsreels and the press. Now everything is ready for the ratification. Mr. Hoover has transmitted the treaty to the Senate, where it is being pondered by the Committee on Foreign Relations, under the chairmanship of Senator Borah, and by the Committee on Naval Affairs, under the chairmanship of Senator Hale. Senator Borah feels friendly toward the treaty. Senator Hale seems appalled by the thought that we have been given only eighteen large 8-inch-gun cruisers, instead of twenty-one. Apparently some persons are humorless enough to conclude from this fact that we are now practically at the mercy of Great Britain.

If a tone of levity creeps into comments on this naval pact it may be because of the widespread pretense that it is something greater than it is. The treaty, in fact, though better than no treaty at all, is full of holes. One such hole, the so-called safeguarding clause, permits Britain, and therefore the United States and Japan, to build new ships to match any new ones built by France or Italy. This elastic provision may soon come into play. Not satisfied with launching four cruisers and a submarine five days after the London conference adjourned, Italy's Cabinet Council speedily decided to lay down 43,000 tons of fighting ships during 1930—one 10,000-ton cruiser, two 5,100-ton flotilla-leaders, four destroyers and no less than twenty-two submarines. Possibly Italy cannot afford this expenditure; possibly she is building paper ships with which to bargain with France in later arms negotiations. But if she is in earnest, France may build to match her, Britain may build to match both France and Italy, Japan and America may keep their ends up, and naval construction may go ahead full blast. All this is perfectly legal and proper under the treaty written at London. Which is a pretty harsh commentary on the treaty written at London.

▸▸*Senator Simmons*

SOUTHERN PRIMARIES are not usually of great moment to the national Democratic party. To this rule the senatorial primary in North Carolina may prove an exception. There Senator Furnifold McLendel Simmons, struggling for renomination, is now under heavy fire for leading the anti-Smith revolt of 1928. Senator Simmons has loftier aims than the mere defeat of his dry, Baptist, Smith-supporting op-



Wide World

HANDING IT OVER

Secretary of State Stimson presenting a copy of the naval treaty to President Hoover

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ponent, Josiah W. Bailey. He is determined to increase the South's, as well as his own, influence in the party, and to drive out John J. Raskob who is chairman of the Democratic National Committee.

Mr. Simmons has been in the Senate twenty-nine years, longer than any other member. He has outranked all other Democrats on the important Finance Committee for a quarter of a century. He was chairman of that body for six years under Wilson; he wrote his own tariff bill, with Underwood, in 1913. Since 1900, when he defeated the state's last Republican Senator, he has been virtual boss of North Carolina. No Democrat opposed him in a primary from 1912 until 1930. He came into power by driving the Negroes away from the polls. Using Red Shirt Clubs, modelled after the Ku Klux Klan, he scared them into hiding, helped to change the state Constitution to prevent them from voting, and started building his political machine. With it, he has named governors, passed on appointments, and framed legislative programs.

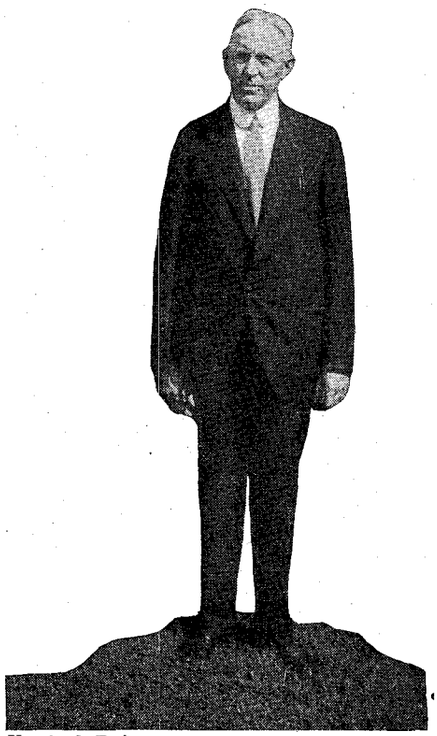
Yet, somehow, Democratic members of the Senate have never seemed to like him. Perhaps because they have observed this reputedly low-tariff Democrat vote for high-tariff schedules. Perhaps because they have seen him stand with the Republicans nineteen out of forty-three times in one session. Perhaps because William Jennings Bryan once likened him to "a stand pat Republican." At any rate, despite Simmons' seniority, they made Senator Robinson of Arkansas minority leader in the upper house.

Senator Simmons has never forgotten the Negro; white supremacy has been his major theme at every election. He has pleaded with his hearers to vote the Democratic ticket from "constable to President." And North Carolina has obeyed. It even followed him when he changed his tune in 1928.

Since then some of his former political lieutenants have been scheming for his overthrow. Others have died, for Senator Simmons, born on a plantation in 1854, is no longer young. An Episcopalian, he attended Methodist and Baptist colleges in the seventies. He was in the House during Cleveland's first term. Yet, spearhead of the South's anti-Smith movement, he still retains his sharpness, as well as his air of restraint and his ambition. His victory or defeat in the primary of June 7 may mean much to the Democratic party as a whole.

▶▶*Cotton Tom*

Another Southern Senator who is paying a penalty for bolting Smith in 1928 is the Hon. James Thomas Heflin. Senator Heflin has been barred from the Alabama primaries by the State Executive Committee and denied redress by the Alabama Supreme Court. But he has not been silenced. Not much. Swearing that he will run independently, Cotton Tom gives no fewer than 173



Harris & Ewing

HANGS ON

Claudius H. Huston, still Chairman of Republican National Committee

reasons why he should be elected. He has had them printed in the *Congressional Record,* plus this crackling peroration: "Facing a constituency that is not for sale, armed in a righteous cause, and having upon me the blessings of Almighty God, I shall take my contest to the judgment bar of the people, and I will win by 100,000 majority."

Glance at reason No. 57 why Mr. Heflin should be given a third term in the Senate to match his eight in the House. He has "defended at all times the South's plan and policy of race separation in schools and churches and railroad trains, contending that this was the wisest and best way to handle the race problem. The failure to have separate street cars for whites and Negroes in Washington caused him to have to inflict severe punishment upon a drunken Negro who had insulted a white woman on the car."

Who has performed more than a hundred good deeds for the farmers, extending from "investigation of insects" to endorsement of a measure to exclude Mexican laborers? Who is "the friend of both labor and capital," "of American soldiers who served our country in the great World War," "of President Wilson," of "farmers, merchants and bankers"? Who but the Senator from Alabama who "has opposed universal compulsory military training, giving, among other reasons, the Negro problem in the South"? Who called on the Secretary of State "to investigate the secret, dangerous and un-American activities of Mussolini's Fascists in the United States."

Furthermore, Senator Heflin has "made speeches in northern states telling of Alabama resources and advantages, eulogizing her people and praising her climate and her beauty." He has—but that will do. The Senator fails to mention the strongest of all reasons why he should be returned to Washington. If he isn't, what will our humorists write about?

▶▶*The Huston Issue*

Claudius H. Huston, chairman of the Republican National Committee, vigorously denies reports that he stays in office through his power to spill the beans. According to these reports, Mr. Huston greeted unkind invitations to resign with the threat that, if ejected, he would expose shenanigans in connection with the nomination or the election of Mr. Hoover. "The implied knowledge or approval of any such acts," he says, "is a gross injustice to the President, to the Republican party and to me." His statement, however, does not touch on the one point in which the Democratic and Republican organizations are really interested; namely: Does or doesn't Mr. Huston intend to retire?

That question bobbed up when the Senate lobby committee revealed that Mr. Huston had temporarily used funds contributed by the Union Carbide Company to the Tennessee River Improvement Association, of which he was president, to protect his account with his broker. It did not bob down when his friends explained that he did not use the funds because he needed the money

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

but because he wished to conceal the contribution to the association from a company interested in Muscle Shoals. If anything, this made matters somewhat worse.

No doubt President Hoover, who appointed Mr. Huston, would be relieved to have him resign for any reason that would sound well in an exchange of congratulatory letters. So would some Republicans in Congress who are facing stiff fights for re-election. So would some members of the Republican National Committee, who, it is said, are talking of calling a meeting to consider the matter. This school of Republicans argues that Mr. Huston's conduct was not all that it should have been. We agree. But a second school seems to hold that this will make little or no difference in the fall elections. We agree again. The party which came up smiling after the oil scandals will not be downed by the Huston case. Orations to the contrary notwithstanding, the American people are not obsessed by political ethics. Those Democrats and Progressives who express delight at the prospect that Mr. Huston will remain in office indefinitely are really only bluffing. Many Democratic and Progressive victories may be won this fall, but not many will be won on the issue of Mr. Huston.

▶▶*Forgeries or No?*

A CURSORY EXAMINATION of purported Russian documents made public by Police Commissioner Whalen of New York

Underwood

PUBLISHES PHOTOSTATS
Police Commissioner Whalen of New York makes public alleged Communist documents

may produce the impression that American Communists in the United States are taking their orders from Moscow. That, however, is as much as to say that the Dutch have taken Holland. As far as we know, no one denies that Communists in other countries carry out the commands of the headquarters of their party in Russia.

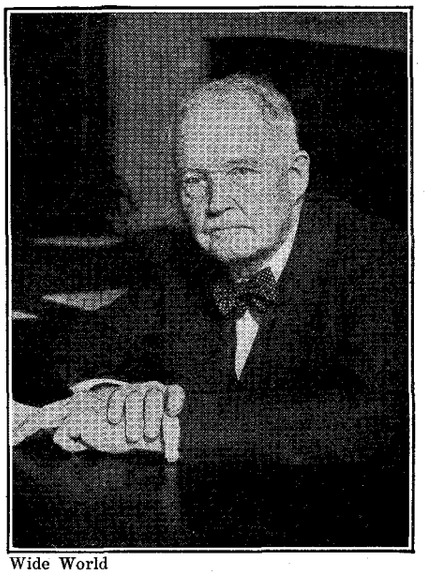
What gives these documents their importance is the fact that they cast suspicion on the Amtorg Trading Corporation, a Russian commercial organization with central offices in New York, on Peter A. Bogdanov, chairman of its board, on Saul Bron, its former head, on T. G. Grapfen, its secretary-treasurer, and on Boris E. Skvirsky, head of the Soviet Information Bureau at Washington. All are impliedly charged with being agents of the Communist International, and as such with having played parts in fomenting strikes and demonstrations in the United States.

Mr. Skvirsky, in behalf of the Soviet Information Bureau, declares that the statements relating to himself "are wholly and absolutely untrue in every particular." Mr. Bogdanov, in behalf of the Amtorg Trading Corporation, with which, he says, American firms did a $150,000,000 business in 1929, insists that the documents are forgeries. He fears that their publication may cause the trading corporation serious damage, and asks that they be thoroughly investigated.

His request should be heeded immediately. Spurious documents involving the Soviet Government are certainly no novelty. Not long ago an investigation in Germany revealed that the so-called Orloff documents, implicating the Soviet Government and Senator Borah, were rank forgeries. Commissioner Whalen has refused Mr. Bogdanov's demand for an investigation held jointly with the Amtorg, giving as his reason an uncompleted inquiry being conducted by the Police Department into "the criminal activities of certain communistic groups in this city." But if no investigation of the documents is to be held in New York, then one certainly should be held in Washington. This case should be officially sifted at once.

▶▶*Mr. Hoover's Dryness*

TESTIFYING before the Senate Lobby Committee, Captain William H. Stayton, chairman of the Board of the Association Against the Prohibition Amendment, expressed the opinion that



Wide World

ANOTHER WET WITNESS
Captain William H. Stayton, of the Association Against the Prohibition Amendment

President Hoover is "not at heart a dry," but is dry "because of the prospective profit in votes." At first glance, there would seem to be no reason to suspect that Mr. Hoover is not a dry of the driest school. While he has had few kind words for the 18th Amendment or the Volstead act, each of his statements on prohibition has certainly given far more comfort to the drys than to the wets.

No act or utterance of his since he became President has been anything else but dry as dust. He appointed the Wickersham Commission, presumably to conduct a far-reaching investigation into prohibition, but he has apparently kept it from reaching more than an inch below the surface. He endorsed its general recommendations, and, in his message to Congress on April 28, endorsed some of them again. Certain reforms, he says, are necessary if he is "to perform the high duty which falls upon the Executive of the Federal laws." Congress must centralize prohibition enforcement in the Department of Justice, relieve court congestion, increase Federal prison accommodations, create a unified border patrol and give the District of Columbia an adequate prohibition law.

Save that he does not specifically approve of the Wickersham Commission's plan for juryless trials, there is no hint in this message of any weakening in Mr. Hoover's attitude on prohibition. Doggedly blind to the futility of attempts at dry enforcement, he demands ever more laws to make prohibition

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

genuinely effective. When Congress balks he flays it on, firmly maintaining the pretense that nothing is necessary save a few more adjustments in enforcement machinery.

Are all these desperate, last-minute remedies, to be followed, perhaps, by an admission that even the most sincere attempts at prohibition enforcement are hopeless? Is Captain Stayton correct in his conclusion that "Mr. Hoover is beginning to doubt whether prohibition can be enforced?" Surely it is hard to believe that the President is so inordinately obtuse or fanatical on this subject as his attitude might seem to indicate. We should not be surprised to find him, some day, announcing that the time has come for a change.

▸▸*Boston's Scandal*

TEN YEARS AFTER the strike which brought national fame to Calvin Coolidge as Governor of Massachusetts, the Police Department of Boston faces another shake-up. Following months of rumors and weeks of investigation, Attorney General Warner has filed with the Legislature a report involving Police Commissioner Wilson, Superintendent of Police Crowley, Captain Patterson, and a patrolman, Oliver B. Garrett, in a scandal which foreshadows resignations, demotions and possible jail terms.

Much of the story presented by the Attorney General follows familiar lines. Promoted to the liquor squad, Officer Garrett, he says, grew prosperous on graft from bootleggers and houses of ill fame. When he married in 1923, Garrett had less than $30 in the bank, and his wife had no more, but between 1923 and 1926 they deposited close to $28,000. In 1927, they put away $27,000, in 1928, more than $39,000, not all of which could easily have been the profits of the dairy which they had purchased and which supplied milk to bordellos in and about Boston. In 1929, the deposits fell off to $28,000, partly, perhaps, because of the closing of the Ritz Hotel.

Toward reports concerning the activities of the patrolman his superiors maintained a charitable attitude which the Attorney General exposes, but does not convincingly explain. Charges that Garrett raided numerous places without warrants, was involved in robbery and was taking bribes were only superficially investigated by Captain Patterson and were usually filed after Garrett denied them. Such disposition apparently satisfied Superintendent Crowley, that great moral crusader against literature and Communists, though he apparently had less to do with the reports than Commissioner Wilson, whose willingness to credit Garrett's denials and to protect him is almost inexplicable. Not only did he weakly do nothing when Garrett publicly threatened to "blow the lid off"; according to the report, he also arranged that Garrett should be retired on pension, prevailing upon a physician to hint that the patrolman had suffered mental injuries in line of duty which made him irresponsible for misconduct.

The investigators could find no evidence that either Crowley or Wilson or Patterson obtained graft through Garrett. Their only explanation was that Wilson was obsessed with the idea of loyalty to his men, no matter what the effect on the force or the public. Perhaps subsequent litigation will bring more light. Meantime, Boston should go right out and suppress another book. That's the way to make a city nice and clean.

Wide World

SCORED

Herbert A. Wilson, who was removed from his position as police commissioner of Boston

▸▸*Strike Up the Band*

SO AMERICA IS the cultural hinterland, is it? Artistically speaking, we are but Europe's poor relations, are we? Then note how the New York Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra, opening its summer tour of the continent, took Paris by storm.

"I cannot remember ever witnessing such a triumph for a symphony orchestra," one critic reported. "It set a new standard of perfection for European ears and stirred a critical audience at the Opera House as it has been rarely stirred in many years," read another report. "The spirit and magnitude of the performance of these 114 American musicians, brought together and transported here by that wealth which alone can foster great culture and beauty, was a revelation to Paris of that love of music and aptitude of America which it has hitherto known only by its eccentricities."

Read again that "brought together . . . by that wealth which alone can foster great culture and beauty." Is that in itself not music to ears accustomed to reproaches for our country's materialism—that alleged enemy of culture and destroyer of beauty? May we not now be a trifle less sheepish about the frank clinking of our dollars, since we have produced the greatest orchestra in the world?

Certainly we may. For it is money which assembled this orchestra. Money has always been and always will be the forerunner and foundation of culture and beauty. And if any bad-mannered individual rise at this moment to point out that the small, tense, miracle-working conductor of the New York orchestra is a native Italian, that seventy-four of the musicians are of European origin, and that the music played at the epoch-making Paris concert was written by Beethoven, Haydn, Mendelssohn, and Wagner—examine his bank account. He is undoubtedly some poor person, nourished on sour grapes.

▸▸*Synthetic Ancestors*

GEORGE S. KAUFMAN, humorist and playwright, was rather set up to receive an invitation to furnish his family lineage for the Abridged Compendium of American Genealogy, the Standard Genealogical Encyclopedia of the First Families of America. But he got to thinking, he says in F. P. A.'s column in the New York *World*, "about Uncle Abe and that little trouble he got into, and that girl's suit against Cousin Harry, and that time the charity organization started checking up on Uncle Max" and decided he would be more at home in a book on, say, Second Families.

A typically democratic, typically American answer? Not so. Genealogical organizations flourish. Some will include you in a dignified volume with a title as long as, or longer than, the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

one above; or, if your name is a common one, you may have an entire book devoted to your family records, complete with coat of arms. Either, it stands to reason, would look well on the living-room table, and the price is nominal—hardly more than the cost of printing the book.

Those who know nothing of the American thirst for ancestors, synthetic ancestors if necessary, will understand the bewilderment of the curator of a Philadelphia art collection. Interviewed by the representative of a colored-print manufacturer, the curator discovered that the subjects wanted for color reproduction were grumpy ladies and gentlemen of the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries. He suggested that there were scores of livelier paintings hanging about the walls, many of them more likely to appeal to popular taste.

But the visitor knew better, and he patiently explained. It seems that when colored, printed reproductions of these old portraits are glued on canvas, varnished, baked in an oven to produce the crackled surface characteristic of age and equipped with a nice old tarnished-gold frame, they sell for as much as fifteen dollars—and the neighbors never know the difference. The manufacturer said that business was excellent, and that the face of one old English gentleman of two hundred years ago was now doing duty as an ancestor in more than a thousand American living-rooms.

▶▶*Physics into Music*

WHILE MOST PERSONS are content to go and hear music played by hand on good, old-fashioned instruments or else to sit unwonderingly by the radio while such music is brought to them, others concern themselves more and more avidly with producing music in less obvious ways. Last fall the Theremin, an instrument for extracting music from the ether, was introduced to the buying public. Now it is said that a living-room clavilux, or color-organ, can be marketed to fit the pocket-book of the average householder. From the Massachusetts Institute of Technology comes news of the development of still another instrument in which beams of light and photo-electric cells are utilized to produce entirely new musical sounds.

The clavilux, which, theoretically, produces silent symphonies of light, has been heard of from time to time. The new parlor model, recently demonstrated in New York, may be played automatically with discs similar to phonograph records. A color record is placed in the lower part of the cabinet, which is the size of an ordinary radio, and the result is a series of abstract rainbow shapes which change, dissolve and reappear. This, according to Thomas Wilfred, inventor of the instrument, permits the spectator to gaze "through new windows into space."

The Technology instrument, as yet not named, is played like a piano. Its central structure is a glass disk on which are recorded photographically a number of concentric sound tracks. The principle lies in the generation of electric currents which are amplified by a powerful loud-speaker. The quality of sound may be varied at will. Reproductions may be made of the sounds of most existing musical instruments; moreover, it is said, synthetic musical sounds may be produced which have never been heard before.

The fact that such excursions of music into the field of physics are baffling and seem more than a little ridiculous to the layman is unimportant. If it were necessary to understand why and how tones are produced before producing them, few virtuosi would ever graduate from the jews-harp. What is important is that experiments for producing new sounds and new rhythms are constantly in progress. It is more than likely that from some of these experiments will develop new fields for musical expression.

Remarkable Remarks

I am pleased with the result of the conference.—SEC. HENRY L. STIMSON.

I am under no delusions as to how far we have gone.—RAMSAY MACDONALD.

I believe Judge Parker's appointment would be a political master stroke at this time.—Ass't Sec. of the Interior J. M. DIXON.

It is time for the brains of the Nation and the heart of the Nation and the true Christianity of the Nation to take control of matters social and political.—WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST.

After all, we must remember that politics and economics are not the masters of men—they are their servants.—OWEN D. YOUNG.

What has been accomplished in New York under prohibition is miraculous.—REV. DR. CHRISTIAN F. REISNER.

I will issue no orders that I wouldn't obey myself.—POLICE COMMISSIONER GROVER WHALEN.

The life of an American policeman is worth more and is more important than the lives of all the Communists combined.—REPRESENTATIVE HAMILTON FISH.

You'd be surprised to know how awfully hard a man finds it to lie to the woman he loves—the first time. —HELEN ROWLAND.

▶▶*In Brief*

THE BRITISH HAVE seized Mahatma Gandhi in order to avoid further outbreaks. It remains to be seen whether they will have to let him go for the same reason . . . . Well enough for 1,028 practicing economists to ask Mr. Hoover to veto the tariff bill, but, after all, any Administration would be more impressed by half as many requests coming from half as many practicing political scientists . . . . "Some very estimable gentlemen, indeed, use tobacco," writes Professor Roland M. Harper in *The Eugenics Magazine*, "but at the same time it can hardly be disputed that the great majority of criminals also do." Some very estimable gentlemen, indeed, use sugar, but at the same time, it can hardly be disputed that the great majority of criminals also do . . . . A study prepared for Teachers College, Columbia University, indicates that children in Sunday schools think of God as a pleasant-looking old gentleman. Being in this respect astonishingly like most of their elders . . . . According to former-President Coolidge, there is something about former-Senator Butler of Massachusetts "that is as appealing as the impression that is made by a strong and substantial edifice." For instance, Mr. Coolidge? . . . If Communists do not like the conditions in the United States, said Representative Hamilton Fish in a May Day address, "let them depart or return to Russia," and in that same address declared also: "Only fourteen Communists have been deported in the last four years, due to the fact that the Congress has been asleep." So that, since Representative Fish himself admittedly does not like certain conditions in the United States, he will of course immediately depart to Russia.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Backstage in Washington

WASHINGTON, D. C.

WE DON'T LIKE to distract the delightful "Nick" Longworth from his social doings, but we fear the Augustan age during which he has become known as an absolute boss, though an easy and likable one, of a gang of legislative robots, is near its end. We venture this prediction not alone on the mutterings we hear against the tyrannical system which he and his helpers have inflicted on run-of-mine Republicans, but on certain disturbing developments which we have noted of late. We would not be surprised if this strange feeling of independence made itself manifest before the close of the present session. If not then, it will surely come next fall when the Democrats and Progressives will undoubtedly have a larger representation in what, with apologies to "Nick," we regard as the lower body.

Mr. Longworth may then have cause to sympathize with Vice-President Curtis, his social and parliamentary protagonist, and the two old friends may again be drawn together through their mutual misery.

The revolution has arrived in a small way already, in our opinion, and we suspect that "Nick" realizes it. We no longer note in him the vigor and dash of the early days of the session, and this can hardly be explained by the little recognized fact that the natty and polished Speaker is now sixty-one years old. He absents himself from the Chamber more frequently, and, playboy that he is even when the joke's on him and his, he seems to derive some enjoyment from seeing Associate Leaders Tilson and Snell turn to him in distress over the unexpected unruliness of their wooden soldiers.

We may imagine it, but we believe that "Nick" slips away at such moments out of pure perversity and an irrepressible instinct for fun. Being grim fellows quite unused to mellowing a mutiny by smiles or suasion, Messrs. Tilson and Snell are quite hopeless at such moments. They lack the aplomb and artistry which "Nick" displays in handling the House, his fiddle or a tray of caviar. Should the House actually turn on the Speaker, or his foes muster sufficient strength or stamina to outvote or outsmile him, it would be a sorry day for the Administration. His system of stifling intelligence and individuality among his automatons has served well during the period when the G. O. P. enjoyed a tremendous majority, but it has not developed the resourcefulness which alone wins parliamentary battles in a closely contested struggle, or between evenly matched groups.

"Nick," as we all know, has ruled with the gentle rod of good fellowship. His best pals have been the Democratic leaders, and since they have always been more astute and quick-witted fellows than the Speaker's own associates, they have been his real allies. When Finis Garrett of Tennessee served as Minority Leader, and the good-natured "Jack" Garner as Democratic Whip, "Nick" never encountered much trouble from the opposition. If a difference arose, the three would retire to the Speaker's back room for a conference and emerge with everything fixed inside and out. The two Democrats went through the motions of opposition, of course, but foemanship and fellowship walked arm in arm always. "Jack" frequently took a poke at "Nick" as that "bald-headed guy," to the delight of Princess Alice as she looked down from the gallery, but it was all in good, clean and non-political sport. The Democrats kept the faith, and "Nick" acquired fame as the most successful Speaker since "Uncle Joe" Cannon. Only those who saw that Mr. Longworth ruled as a crony rather than a czar knew the truth of his tenure.

Duffus in Baltimore Sun

The girl he left behind

Mr. Garrett, however, has gone to his Republican reward on the bench, and Garner now occupies the leader's seat. In the latter's place as Whip sits Rep. George R. Crisp, of Georgia, former parliamentarian and son of a former Speaker. It so happens that Mr. Crisp, besides being an able and conscientious individual, is better versed in House rules and strategy than any member on either side of the aisle. Though a friendly soul, he does not overflow with the wine of bi-partisan friendship as did Garrett, or as Garner did until Crisp arrived on the scene. With the fierce Georgian at his side, Mr. Garner seems more disposed to go Democratic and to play the part of foeman rather than friend. We can find no other explanation for the amazing solidarity and spirit of fight which the minority has shown in recent legislative tussles.

On three separate occasions the inspirited Democrats and revolting Republicans have broken loose from the chains of leadership. We almost take back all the hard things we have said of the complacency and cowardice of the House membership, since these outbreaks proved that, given half a chance, they are as free and fanciful as the "sons of the wild asses" across the Capitol corridor. Rising in their leaderless might, they loaded down the Veterans' bill with needed amendments, they piled the Rivers and Harbors measure higher with "pork" than it was when it came from committee and, as a climax, they stripped the tariff bill of millions of dollars it was carrying as a tax on the small consumer. These heresies, we noted, were committed while Mr. Garner was on a sick bed and while "Nick" was entertaining numerous good fellows from out of town who assembled for the spring dinner of the Gridiron Club. If there is a moral here, it is that when the Democratic and G. O. P. Pierrots are away—the House will legislate.

A. F. C.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Stream of Business

By FRANK A. FALL

Economics on the Air

REACTIONS to President Hoover's May Day speech before the Chamber of Commerce of the United States at Washington may well be carefully corrected for political variation. To the President's partisans, the address was a report of real progress. To his opponents, it was a clear case of whistling to keep up courage.

Whether a fair appraisal lies in either of these extremes or somewhere in the middle ground between them, the most significant fact in connection with the speech is that millions of men, women and children, listening by radio, were given a thought-stirring lesson in applied economics. They heard the President use the words "boom" and "crash," and describe the causes and effects of these phenomena in language more direct and vivid than has ever been used between the covers of a textbook.

A great many people, in all probability, were made to realize for the first time just what is meant by the business cycle, and some who were under the impression that this "bogey" was dead and buried long ago were suddenly shocked into believing either that it never died or that it had been effectively resurrected. The President's speech may have seemed cold comfort to the unemployed and to sufferers from deflated investments, but it at least made clearer how the trouble came about, what is being done to minimize its effects, and what steps should be taken to insure against a recurrence in the future.

C. of C. vs. F. F. B.

WITH ONLY A FEW scattering votes in the negative, the Chamber of Commerce of the United States adopted on May 1 a resolution demanding that the Federal Farm Board cease using Government money either to aid farmers' co-operative associations in marketing crops or for buying and selling commodities for purposes of crop stabilization.

While the Chamber program was being prepared it was expected that vigorous opposition to the resolution would develop, but aside from a warning from John Brandt of Minnesota, the members were virtually unanimous in their desire to hand Mr. Legge's Board a stiff punch in the solar plexus. John T. McHugh, secretary of the Minnesota Chamber of Commerce and leader of the grain trade's revolt against the Agricultural Marketing Act, said that the adoption of the resolution indicated the beginning of a campaign by organized business men to "bring about Congressional appeal of the objectionable provisions of the act."

President Hoover takes the position that Chairman Legge is capable of fighting his own battles, and will expect him to bear the brunt of this one. This is certainly logical, in view of the Farm Board's strange antics and of the other troubles the President has on his hands. With the stock market bubble bursting in his face, the noble experiment a pitiful failure and the Grundy tariff a target of attack from all sides, the President's lot is not a happy one.

INDICES

(A two-minute summary)

Commodity Prices (Fisher's Index—1926=100) May 3—89.7. (Crump's British Index—1926=100) May 3—81.1.

Car Loadings (American Railway Assn.) Week ended April 19—892,881 cars (reduction of 18,429 under preceding week and of 112,999 under same week of 1929).

Steel Ingot Production Week ended April 26—77.5% of capacity (increase of 1% over preceding week; reduction of 23.5% under same week of 1929).

Crude Oil Production Week ended April 26—daily average gross 2,590,100 barrels (increase of 29,200 over preceding week; reduction of 60,550 under same week of 1929).

Grain Exports Week ended April 26—1,054,000 bushels (increase of 262,000 over preceding week).

Bank Clearings (as reported to Bradstreet's) Week ended May 1—$11,854,499,000 (increase of 20.8% over preceding week; reduction of 8.6% under same week of 1929).

Failures (as reported to R. G. Dun & Co.) Week ended May 1—472 (reduction of 75 under preceding week; increase of 51 over same week of 1929).

High-Gear Co-Operation

A CHIEF REASON for our leading the world in automobile manufacture is brought into the spot-light by the recent award of the American Trade Association Executives prize to the National Automobile Chamber of Commerce for the cross-licensing patents agreement under which our motor manufacturers now work.

Under the N. A. C. C. agreement, 1,700 patents owned by the members are made available to all members without cost. This is co-operation in a sense and to a degree unknown in any other country of the world. In presenting the award, Secretary Lamont said: "This achievement is of great public benefit because it allows each manufacturer to use the latest improvements originated by any company. It is of tremendous importance because of the magnitude of the automobile industry." The Secretary might have added that it is even more important because it demonstrates, once and for all, that the key to real progress in business lies in generous co-operation rather than in throat-cutting competition.

Dismissing the Unit Bank

IN *The Economics of Branch Banking* (Harper $3.50) Bernhard Ostrolenk of the editorial staff of "The Annalist" expresses, with a hint of mild regret, his conviction that changing economic conditions call for new methods in banking and that the unit banks will ultimately be sold down the river to the chain or group organizations.

In the small towns particularly, says Mr. Ostrolenk, the banking business has deteriorated. Forces are at work in small communities which centralize business in metropolitan areas and leave the small community barren as a financial field in which an independent local bank may profitably operate.

This condition has prepared the way for new forms of banking enterprise. The term "group banking" is used to indicate a group of banks held together by a holding company which is itself incorporated, whereas a "chain bank" is a group of banks held together by an individual or by the control of a group of individuals.

Sentimentally, Mr. Ostrolenk says in conclusion, one must regret the passing of the unit bank, entwined as it is with the history and development of a once-virgin continent and conceived by a people loving individuality and financial independence in community affairs. The course, however, seems inevitable, and delay will retard and distort normal banking development, but cannot check the substitution of regionally widespread banking systems for the unit bank.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

▶▶ Dollars and Coppers ◀◀

By WILLIAM O. SCROGGS

THE sudden cut in the price of copper a short time ago has given the small army of investors in the stocks of copper companies some hard nuts to crack. This drastic reduction, amounting to 28 per cent, means a great deal more, however, than a jolt to the shareholders or an effort to readjust the price of a single commodity to conditions of supply and demand. During the past year copper has come to stand as a symbol of a definite economic policy. Had the copper producers succeeded in making that policy effective their example would undoubtedly have greatly influenced other industrialists, but now that this attempt at price stabilization has failed it is being used mostly to point a moral.

If an experiment in price-fixing could have succeeded with any basic commodity it apparently should have succeeded with copper. The copper industry some years ago had set up Copper Exporters, Inc., an association organized under the Webb-Pomerene Act to facilitate the expansion of its foreign business. Such associations may fix export prices and do other things which in domestic trade would not be permissible under the Anti-Trust Act. The copper producers who control the export association may not come together and fix the price for the home market; that would violate the Federal law, but acting individually, they may base their domestic price on the export price fixed by their association.

In this way the American producers succeeded in holding the price of copper unchanged for a full year. This was accomplished, too, in the face of exceedingly adverse conditions in the world market, and in the face of a decline, during the twelve months the scheme was in effect, of about 7 per cent in the general level of commodity prices. For a time the experiment seemed to be on the verge of success, in spite of the fact that past experience was against it; but old-fashioned economics finally triumphed.

Copper was the only important commodity in 1928-29 whose price moved upward with the stock market. Ever since the War the industry has suffered from overproduction. The prices which prevailed until late in 1928 were profitable only for the low-cost producers. Early in 1929 a great spurt of buying developed, and the price, which had been fluctuating between 13 and 14 cents, soared rapidly until it touched 24 cents. The rapid rise finally checked demand, and the price dropped back to 18.30 cents for export (cost, insurance free) to the European base ports and to 18 cents for the home market. There it stayed for exactly a year.

Some of the leaders of the industry have their own theory with regard to the demand for copper. The amount consumed, they maintain, is little affected by the price, so long as the price is within reason; and the demand is governed by the rate of industrial activity. If business is depressed the consumption of copper will not be increased by lowering prices; for nobody wants copper then at any price. But if business is booming there will be great need for copper and the demand will increase whether the price is high or low.

That is a very comfortable theory for the seller. It gives him a relation to the buyer of "Heads, I win; tails, you lose." Yet if this principle holds true with regard to copper there seems to be no valid reason why it should not apply equally well to any other commodity of large industrial use. Anyway, the copper producers had enough faith in their theory to put it to the test. The results soon appeared. The buyers who had bid furiously for the metal when it was selling above 20 cents, with the idea that there was not enough copper on hand to meet the country's immediate requirements, went on a strike soon after the price was pegged at 18 cents. Adhering to their theory that a lower price would not stimulate demand, the producers stood pat on 18 cents.

PERHAPS if there had been a new burst of business activity at this time the producers would have been able to cite some facts in support of their theory, but business activity in the spring of 1929 was already at its peak, and by midsummer had begun to slacken. In the autumn came the crash in the stock market and various unfavorable developments abroad which tended still further to curtail the foreign and domestic demand for copper. The price of other metals and of nearly all important commodities declined sharply, while copper was held at its artificial level.

The situation then developed into an endurance test between producers and consumers. Buying was restricted to minimum requirements. It became necessary to curtail production. In April, 1929, when the price was first pegged, the output of North and South American copper was 161,000 short tons; by March, 1930, it had fallen to 127,000 tons, a drop of 21 per cent. But that does not tell the whole story. Monthly shipments to consumers in this period fell off 33 per cent, and so, in spite of curtailed production, stocks in the hands of producers began to accumulate. In April, 1929, they amounted to 53,000 tons; twelve months later they were 256,000 tons, and it was costing a lot of money to carry them.

STRANGE TO RELATE, the big companies, or low-cost producers, were the hardest hit by this arrangement. This was due to the fact that those smelters who purchased ores from small miners were permitted to take precedence in foreign sales. Prices were also guaranteed to these smelters so that they would not encourage price-cutting by small miners. The small fellows were thus increasing their output and living in clover while their big competitors were restricting production, keeping out of the market and endangering their dividends.

Such a situation could not last indefinitely. Some of the big concerns finally rebelled and prepared to resume their normal position in the industry. With one stroke, therefore, the price of copper was cut to 14 cents and later cut to 13 cents.

The characters in this story are new, but the story itself is old. And it always ends in the same way. The effort to hold the price of a freely reproducible commodity at an artificial level has again met with failure, and during the trial period it has had some costly and unexpected results. The readjustment which the industry has had to face is drastic, but in the end its situation will be all the better for it. Incidentally, the experience of the copper industry with price-fixing may have some valuable pointers in it for the Federal Farm Board, which has also embarked on some dubious experiments with the fixing of prices in disregard of the laws of supply and demand.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

▶▶ Contemporary da Vincis ◀◀

Big Business as Patron of Science

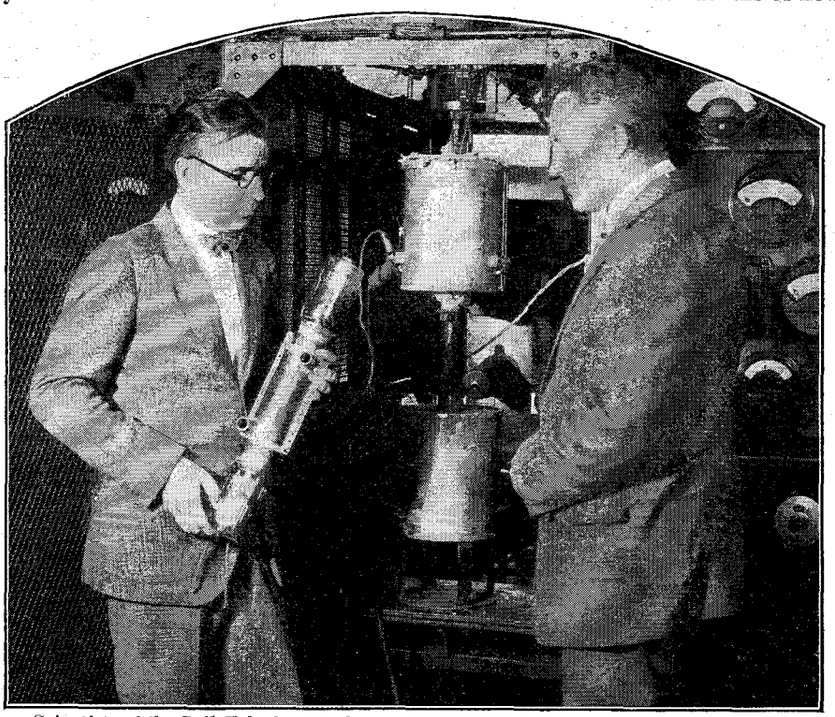
By GLADYS OAKS

THE arts are curiously incidental to what Stuart Chase dubs "our pecuniary civilization." Not that artists do not make as much money as they used to. On the contrary, art has become respectable and profitable, a pleasant vocation for the practical man. There is money in illustrations, magazine covers, advertising pictures and copy, short stories, monuments, theme songs, jazz. Furniture, wall paper, clothing, textiles must be designed. Newspapers, textbooks, radio scripts, novels must be written.

The makers of these products punch time clocks and have little use for temperament. Contemporary artists who forget profits and function for beauty only are inevitably minors, or that other modern anomaly, martyrs. Leonardo da Vinci, Michelangelo, Shakespeare, Beethoven and Heine never managed to make an honest living. They, and practically all other significant artists of former periods who did not have independent incomes, were supported by patrons —by popes and princes, noble dukes, compassionate queens, uncles, friends and bishops.

Nevertheless our age has creators who, in their attitude toward their work are as pure, and in their impersonal way as passionate, as any artist of the Italian Renaissance or Elizabethan era. They love their craft, will work a year to perfect a detail, and find in creation a compensation beyond the economic. They are doing a work that is new, that holds the flavor and makes the history of this generation, that explores original geographies of the mind and senses, and formulates discoveries to widen the experience of the ordinary man.

They are the research workers in the great foundations, the universities, and above all, the laboratories of industry. Modern artists turn out their five thousand words a day, illustrate a weekly serial, inflate the output of Tin Pan Alley, or write mildly profitable plays and novels about disintegration. The modern men and women of research have brought us from the fishtail burner and old gas mantle to tungsten filaments and argon-filled bulbs. They have discovered cures for diseases that have remained unconquered through the centuries. They have initiated television, made movies talk, brought from their test tubes and blue prints radium, the X-ray, the airplane, long distance telephony, permalloy which makes possible the submarine telephone cable. They have achieved new concepts in the structure of matter, analyzed the air into five new and useful subdivisions. They have created new metals such as aluminum, new fabrics such as rayon, new dyes, new foods, new leathers, stainless steel and unbreakable glass for factory and kitchen. They have done all this and more in less than the usual span of a man's life. But such work, such creativeness can now less than ever be self-supporting. What is patronized these days is science, and its patrons are Big Business.



Scientists of the Bell Telephone Laboratories and special vacuum tube for short-wave transatlantic radio

A millionaire of the generation which is just past was asked how great fortunes are built up. He is quoted as having said: "In my time the way to do it was through the control of natural resources; in yours it can best be done through the control of chemical processes."

Before the War, at a time when the sources of raw materials seemed the only way to wealth, straitened Germany, desperate for expansion, turned to research and discovered its enormous profits; discovered that the ground on which we walk, the light by which we see, the very air we breathe, held the potentialities for dozens of new industries. While our New England textile trade was slowly sickening, Germany developed artificial silk. Our wood-distillation industry was badly shaken by a German process for the production of methanol. During the War the shutting off of German imports opened the eyes of American capital to the frequent inferiority and lack of ingenuity in our own products, and the necessity of research if we were to compete successfully with Europe.

The abundance of natural resources is rapidly becoming exhausted; and industry is even more rapidly finding substitutes for them. Here is the real industrial revolution, a possible answer to our economic and competitive problems, and certainly an inevitable cause for change in the enlightened social viewpoint.

The artists of the Renaissance made poster decorations for the church. They painted flattering portraits, planned feasts and castles, and concocted convincing statuary for their patrons to exhibit to the people. They were, in

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

other words, the publicity managers for the great men of their time. Big Business owes much more than this to the research worker. Without laboratories, commercial organizations are more and more finding themselves placed in the position of that much-advertised family whose father carried no life insurance.

The Victor Talking Machine Company, as a rather conspicuous example, had built up so profitable a business that, according to Arthur D. Little, their dividends on common stock averaged more than forty-two dollars a share for eleven years, to which, in 1922, a 600 per cent stock dividend was added. From its beginning to its end the Victor Company never, from within, made any research improvement of its product, though it was occasionally forced to buy in the patents of the laboratories of other companies. Then research developed radio, and the Victor Company paid no dividends. But inventions rescued it again. Engineers of the Bell Telephone Laboratories designed their mechanical counterparts and so made recorders and reproducers of marvellous fidelity. The phonograph industry promptly gained a new lease on life. The industry arose because of the invention of one man—Edison—and fell because of the inventions of others. Its history is so usual and so pointed that wise manufacturers will accept it as a parable in the Bible of Big Business.

The motion picture companies never considered that their business had any necessity for scientific research. They left it to the Bell laboratories and the research laboratories of the General Electric Company to develop the talkie, a course of conduct that has not only cost the movie firms millions of dollars, but has forced a few of them to play leading rôles in a free-for-all commercial tragedy-farce.

ALL RULERS of American industry have not, luckily, been so improvident. The multiplicity and size of industrial laboratories has increased greatly in the last decade, and doubled in the last seven years. Their growth and their achievements are amazing in the light of the youth of the industrial laboratory idea in America. A quarter of a century ago such laboratories were rare. Now $200,000,000 is paid out annually in the United States for research, one-third of it Government expenditure. There are more than 1,000 industrial laboratories, employing 30,000 workers, entirely supported by commercial enterprises. Most of these are conducted by individual firms for their exclusive benefit, but there are also several co-operative laboratories supported mutually by the members of trade associations. This small, efficient and scientific army is creating new industries, developing new processes, lowering production costs, and defeating the militia of foreign competition in the furious battle for markets. Enlightened capital has found research's hire more profitable than the purchase of legislation for higher tariffs, or innumerable brilliant pages of advertising space.

Just what is this research? This new activity in our civilization which has reached its busy hands into every office and home, whose powerful effects are felt in England, Russia, Japan, Iceland? What is the beat and swing of these industrial laboratories which might well be called the motors of our century? What are the secrets of the curiously factual scientific miracles we see about us every day, and by what manner of men are they created?

There have been many and conflicting definitions of research among the research workers themselves. One has called it "accelerated experience," another "a state of mind." L. A. Hawkins, executive engineer of the General Electric Company, believes that nothing can accurately be termed research which includes only development or testing. He writes: "Research has to do with generic facts or principles; it need have no connection with industry. It is fundamentally the same whether conducted at a university or an industrial laboratory. It is essentially pure science until engineering steps in to apply it."

Frank B. Jewett, president of the Bell Telephone Laboratories, who employs some 2,000 scientists and engineers, and 2,000 more machinists, glass blowers, stenographers, etc., and whose yearly outlay is officially computed at $19,000,000, gives a somewhat contradictory opinion: "A good deal of nonsense is uttered, I think," he declares, "about the functions of industrial research; it seeks a definite objective. Pure science should be left to the universities; particularly is this the case with public utilities corporations whose expenditures are regulated by governments. Obviously we cannot support men to work on, say, botanical problems, which have no conceivable relation to the telephone business. We have no warrant for taxing telephone subscribers for such work. The work being carried on must have at least a remote relation to the business of the company."

The imagination readily conceives the scenes in which Leonardo da Vinci tried to convince his patron, the Duke of Sforza, that it was not good business for him to force the artist to lay aside his ambitious painting of The Last Supper in order to design a new bridge or the decorations for a ducal drinking party.

OUR MODERN CREATOR, the research man, is also the victim of such distressing little incidents. Statistics compiled by the National Research Council tell us that only fifteen per cent of the industrial laboratories will even touch "extensive research." And even in the purest of industrial atmospheres there is occasionally a business emergency; as when in the General Electric Research Laboratories, famed for their sterling scientific spirit, Langmuir and Coolidge were taken off experiments destined to immortality, to improve the commercial quality of the General Electric icebox.

The profits of the olden-time patron were a feeling of benevolence, publicity and self-glorification. The profits of the modern patron are mostly in cold cash. It is very doubtful if the masters of Big Business, who support science in their laboratories, would conceive themselves as patrons at all. The popes and princes were rather unofficially intimate with their artists, regarded them more or less as privileged serfs. The industrial magnate knows his researchers only when they are prominent. Nevertheless, he realizes that he does not have to pay them in proportion to their earning capacities, and that he cannot quite confine them to the system of his clerks and secretaries. So he allots to them a curious miscellany of disciplines and privileges. He pays them small salaries, but takes care of them in other ways, becomes not only a boss, but a kind of economic father.

Inventors, like artists, used to work solo. That temperamental descendant of both, the research man, creates mostly in groups. Long distance telephony, for example, could hardly have been the achievement of one man, or an independent fortune. Patronage of artists may still exist, but it is not compatible with the scheme of modern existence. From the ashes of that ancient fire

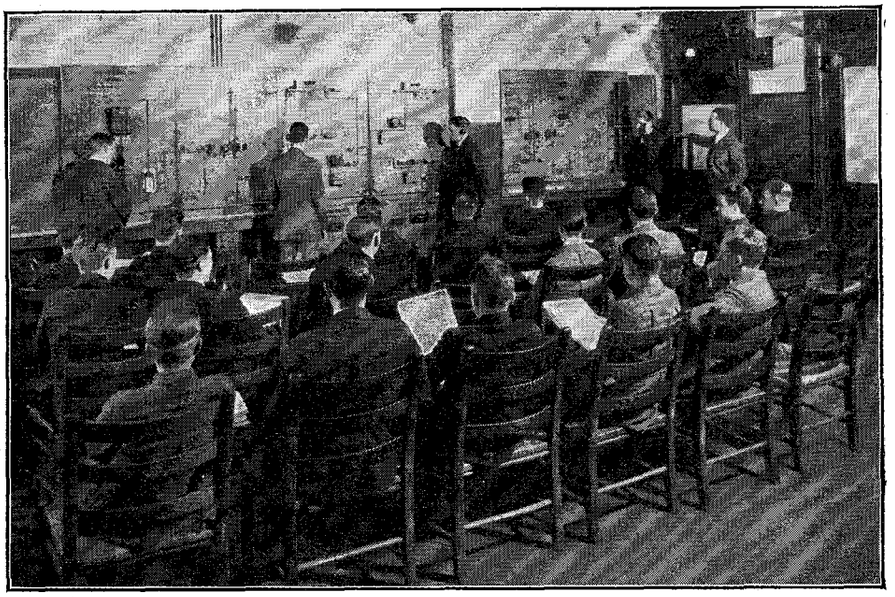
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

that motivated the older nobility and churchmen has risen a modern, and not too graceful phoenix—industrial paternalism.

One can hardly think of the old patronage without visualizing the battered and ungainly figure of Samuel Johnson waiting in the ante-chamber of Lord Chesterfield for a dole that was never forthcoming. The modern research-creator has not so hateful an intimacy with Big Business, but the fingers of patronage bring to even so wholesale a relationship more than a touch of the ugly. Let us observe the advantages and disadvantages of the system functioning in the Bell Laboratories.

When he is employed, the research worker signs over to the company for one dollar all inventions which he may make. His wage scale, for the most part, just about parallels that of a salesman, starting at about thirty dollars a week, and rarely exceeding $10,000 a year. The lucky research men who make more than this have usually, besides their scientific and engineering talents, a capacity for executive leadership. A few of the advantages of a Bell Telephone research worker are: death benefits, security in case of illness, a liberal old age pension. Such a worker is seldom dismissed. And he is offered A.T. and T. stock at considerably below market price. He cannot buy this stock at once, but must pay for it over a period of four years. He is encouraged to save.

His love of craft is stimulated and catered to. Officials of the organization tell us that special literature, such as the Bell Laboratories *Record,* administers to his ego through the public recognition it secures for his work. He is generously furnished with leisure to study, privileges of taking university courses in applicable subjects on the company's time. Also Bell laboratories' research men, after they have reached the dignity of a salary exceeding fifty dollars a week, are not expected to punch a time clock, or perform the usual amount of regular business ritual. There is, however, a little sting in the tail. In our visits to several laboratories, we were presented with considerable conflicting information. But on one point all laboratory officials seem to agree: "Our men are so interested in their work—so absorbed in their craft—that salary is usually an unimportant consideration to them. Given enough to maintain their position in the community, they are content." Here we see the modern or wholesale patron exploiting, as have many patrons of history, the creator's love of his work.

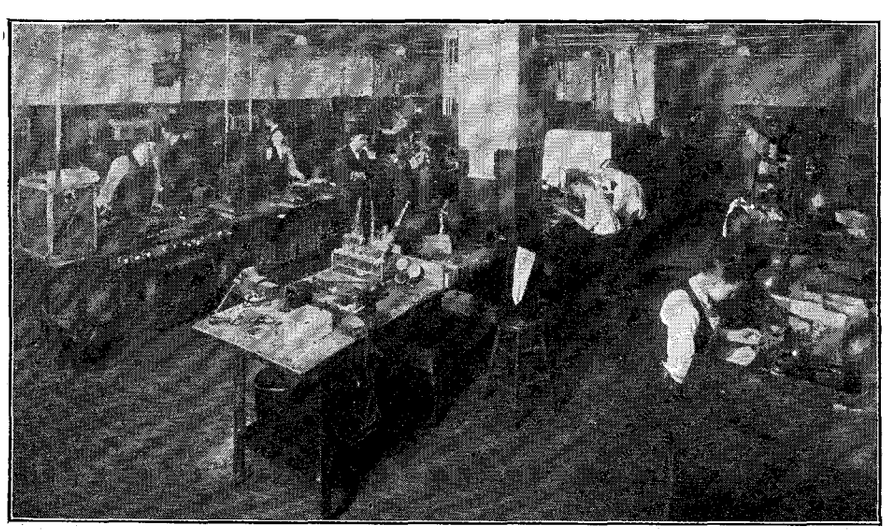


The routine of a modern industrial laboratory includes intensive training for the newly-recruited college graduates

Another bitter ingredient of the bread of patronage is enforced diplomacy. If the research worker is too tactless he knows that he will find himself in the vacuum of economic insecurity with the tools of his life work denied him.

Merejkowski tells a key episode in the life of Leonardo. After a great party of the Duke of Sforza, among the litter, the spilled wine, the remnants of food and tinsel, the artist found a little golden page boy. The gilding of the child's body for the occasion had sealed his pores, and he was dying. Leonardo could comfort him in his last moments, but his tongue was stopped from open protest. It was the custom of great lords to gild page boys, and verbal indignation was not the luxury of such as Leonardo. He was paid, partly, to conform.

At the Bell laboratories—and we believe it might have happened at almost any of the larger research organizations—a rather insignificant-looking blonde scientist, of humble position, decided to grow a beard. He was, it happened, wooing a somewhat recalcitrant lady of artistic pretensions, and he had decided that it might help his cause to enlist the aid of a beaver. The beard sprouted rapidly and luxuriantly, fiery red, a proud and furious challenge to the universe. Best of all, the reluctant she was considerably impressed, romantically moved, and accepted his offer of marriage.



Research men and their assistants in the Bell Telephone Laboratories

(Please Turn to Page 80)

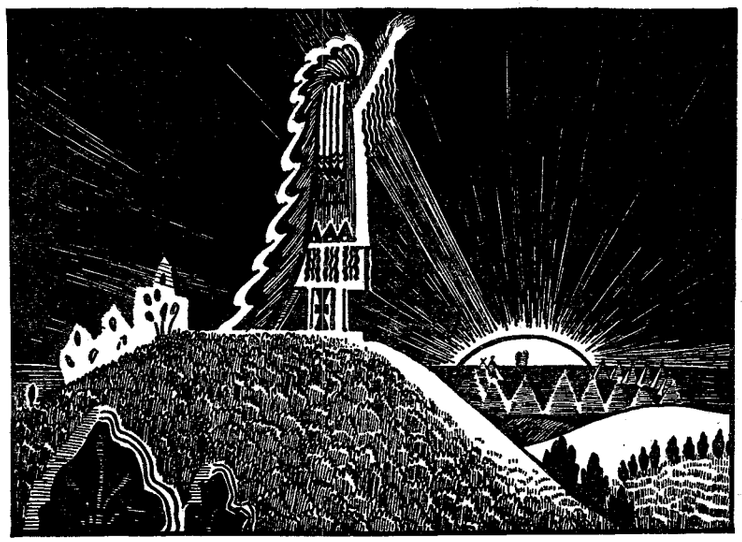
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Leisure Arts

Speaking of Books—The Theatre—The Movies

Lese Majesty

IN THE concluding chapter of *Toward Civilization,* (Longman's) the symposium edited by him, Charles Beard writes as follows of the engineers who defend themselves in that book against the charge that the machine—their child—is civilization's subtlest and most deadly enemy: "It is difficult to discover any value ardently desired by the critics of machine civilization which these engineers and scientists do not likewise desire. Is it leisure? They propose to make it more universal. Is it the good life? They will provide the necessary material conditions to make it more abundant. Is it beauty? They insist upon fostering the love of it and incorporating it into the daily lives of millions. Is it truth? They propose to pursue it . . . ." This is, superficially, a very heartening thought. You may not see how leisure is possible when the mass distribution which mass production demands is making daily greater inroads upon privacy which is a prime requisite of leisure. You may wonder how far the good life is dependent upon material conditions. You may not see how any one can *insist* upon fostering the love of beauty. You may think that the end of research is not so much truth as facts. But you must accept the sincerity of the engineers' ideals.



One of Anders John Haugseth's illustrations in "God's Drum" by Hartley Alexander (Dutton)

However, you are privileged to wonder at the assumption by any group of men of such responsibility for civilization as these engineers take upon themselves. And you may find that you share the feeling of the author of *King Mob* (Harcourt, Brace $2.) who, writing prudently under the pseudonym of Frank K. Notch, says—"To me it is a desolate prospect: the management of the affairs of peoples . . . . handed over to a group of super-chauffeurs." And you will further discover, in reading *King Mob,* that this belief in the possibility of imposed culture is typical of the attitude of the Mob, enthroned. In a way, *King Mob* is an antidote to the shadowy and benevolent optimism of the engineers. Furthermore, it relieves them of some responsibility, for its author finds that the arch-enemy of civilization and its attendant culture is not the machine and its maker but the Mob of which they form a part. The machine age is incidental. It is painful and has made many people homeless; but they are old people and negligible. But the Mob is an ever growing thing and it is the implacable enemy of the individual upon whose shoulders the burden of culture has always rested. And now the Mob grows fast. For a long time its great thumb, leveling down the plastic structure of culture has made only dents in it. But the thumb has been immensely strengthened. General education, the Reformation, the social revolutions, the industrial revolution have contributed to its growth. And today even the incidental groups contribute to the power of the Mob. Consider two sections of the scientist group alone: the Behaviorists, preaching the equal potentialities of all men; the psycho-analysts, as ready in the interests of normalcy to lower the super-normal as to raise the sub-. Mr. Frank K. Notch opens his book with its easiest and most diverting chapters. To the Mob, "to have" is "to be." It has always been suspicious of culture. Now culture is within its grasp. It can "get and have" it. Culture is canned and sold by the book-clubs, the public-panicking publishers, the popularizing historians of man's development, religion, philosophy, science, art and so on, whose work "has made ignorance arrogant and thereby blocked the approach to true knowledge." Accepting these things we "contribute by a kind of stupid cynicism (which we miscall good-fellowship and tolerance) to the gradual elimination of authentic contact between man and creation: to the growing dominion . . . of the Mob, which is swallowing up the sensitiveness we have gained . . . and throwing us back into primordial coarseness and brutality." For the Mob is simply "species as species. Because it is Nature's darling, loved by nature with self-love, the Mob can think only in terms of the measurable. It hates the unique and incommensurate; that is, the spirit. It hates whatever individual faculties sunder the person from the Mob and leave him his own master . . . ." The scientists, the intellectuals, according to Mr. Notch, have become the "rationalistic mob," a subdivision of the Mob which is king. Paraphrasing Balzac, Notch says—"This is an age in which great spirits perish, done to death by a formula."

In the last two chapters of his brilliant book, Frank K. Notch offers a rallying-cry for rescuers of the individual and his precious charge, civilization. The cry is, unhappily, indistinct. Perhaps where vision is narrow it is sharp; where it is broad, as is the vision of this author, it is blurred. His rallying-cry is hardly more than a hope expressed. "We cannot serve humanity unless we make much of the man, and unless we rescue the individual, we cannot help mankind." "What we need is an emphasis on the non-utilitarian element in education"—(Turn back and see what

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the engineers had to say about education)—"An individual has a right to be *for his own sake.*" "Machine, State and Nation . . . . must exist solely for the benefit of the individual." "The richer a man's inner being, the more reluctant will he be to maim or circumscribe the inner being of another." This is idealism of the noblest and wisest. But it is an idealism which requires great courage. Few sympathizers will dare join in the rescue of the individual; few men will dare put bombs under the throne of King Mob, much less challenge him to open combat. Most who defy him are content to thumb their noses safely behind his back.

FRANCES LAMONT ROBBINS.

The Week's Reading

THREE BIOGRAPHIES translated from the French are published this week; one subject is an American, the others, Frenchmen. Regis Michaud is an internationally known authority of Emerson, and his book *Emerson, the Enraptured Yankee* (translated by George Boas: Harper $4), is a labor of love as of scholarship. In Emerson's life "external events are nothing; the inner man is all." So that the task of the biographer of Emerson, who seeks to make his subject live after the romantic manner of the popular biographers of the day, is a heavy one. Michaud has met it successfully. He relates the "spiritual adventures" of his subject, knowing him so well as to be, as Ludwig Lewisohn says in the brief preface, tenderly disillusioned. In his attitude there is none of the scorn which is frequently felt by American writers for the somewhat muffled challenges to fate which the New England heroes gave. Nor is there any gaping sentimentality. Michaud's book has grown out of Emerson, the author's preparation for it having come after long absorption not only in the things that Emerson wrote but in the things that he read, the places and people that he knew. Emerson's own books are one thing: the books that have been written about him—to this reviewer's way of thinking—quite another. This is the only biography of Emerson which we have read which made him not only real but sympathetic to us; and this in spite of Michaud's ejaculatory style.

The other French biographies deal with French soldiers, each man having been a marshal of France. But one of them was far more famous for his wholesale crimes than for his generalship. *Alias Bluebeard* by Emile Gabory (translated by A. C. Bessie: Brewer and Warren $3) is the story of Gilles de Raiz, comrade in arms of Jeanne D'Arc, possibly her betrayer on the day of the fatal sortie from Compiégne, who left a name with which French mothers, for hundreds of years, frightened their children into submission. He was the original of Bluebeard and the ruins of his castle in Brittany are still pointed out as *le chateau de Barbebleu.* But actually he murdered children, not wives. After a brief experience as a soldier, Gilles de Raiz became a spendthrift on a large scale, patronizing the arts, dramatic and musical. From the more usual means of raising money, he turned to alchemy and finally to the lusts and horrors of black magic. From there the road to the fire and stake on the meadows of Nantes was not a long one. Before death, he made an exaggerated repentance and so an edifying end. De Raiz is the subject of one of the most lurid of Dumas' stories of *Celebrated Crimes,* one of the books which, in our youth, was the secret delight of bad boys. *Alias Bluebeard* is painstakingly written, but, either because of the subject or the author, it is not very good reading and one concludes it with the feeling that, except for his interest to students of abnormal psychology, Bluebeard is much better off in the story books, where his wives dangle in a row and where Sister Anne looks out the window.

General Max Weygand's biography of *Turenne, Marshal of France* (Houghton, Mifflin $3.50), is dedicated to Foch, and is a book more likely to interest military men than civilians. It is written in a cultured, direct, informative style, and great figures move through its pages: Louis XIII, Louis XIV and their ministers, Richelieu, Mazarin, Colbert and Louvois, Vauban, builder of fortresses. There is much political and some social history in it, and the period is inevitably brilliant, but General Weygand's principal interest is in the rebellions and wars in which Turenne played a great part, the Fronde, the last of the religious struggles, and the Thirty Years War.—F. L. R.

Heinrich Mann, elder brother of Thomas Mann, the Nobel Prize winner, and himself a German writer acclaimed by critics, has published a novel called in English *The Royal Woman,* in German *Eugénie, Oder die Burgerzeit.* It is a pity to lose the second part of the German title, for it gives a clue to the author's literary intent—and a clue is needed! By a process of inverted symbolism Eugénie and her circle (and royalty at large) are interpreted by the follies, weaknesses and excitability of a group of rather ordinary people in a modern German town. Gabriele, who may be called the unheroic heroine, is fickle, half in love with each of three or four men, her husband included; the clownish yet terrible Pidhon, a defaulting stock-broker, may have distinct similarities of character with Napoleon III, and so on. Herr Mann is said, by the publishers, to appeal to the young and rebellious thinkers while his brother Thomas is classed as a conservative. So it may be that this singular book strikes covertly at the absurdities and weakness of royalty. The story is certainly satirical—if it is not a deep-laid, ingrowing German joke!

Despite the title and the cyclopedic biographical note about Eugénie and Napoleon III which precedes the story, the reader will look in vain for a fictional presentation of the Royal Woman. She died before the date of action of this story, and nobody in the novel is supposed to have seen her or to have any special knowledge about her. The connection between the Royal Woman and the plot rests upon the fact that in this little bourgeois town an aged poet one evening begins to talk about a supposed meeting of Eugénie and Napoleon when the ex-Emperor was nominally a prisoner of Germany. No such meeting ever took place or could take place, and the poet's hearers know it. But gradually the listeners are led to take rôles in the play and to extemporize dialogue, and in time the poet evolves a drama with Gabriele as Eugénie, Pidhon as Napoleon and so on. When the play is actually staged in a garden performance Pidhon is arrested for dishonesty (this symbolically represents the downfall of Napoleon) Gabrielle decides to love her husband, and peace falls on the little town.—R. D. T.

The Tiger, Georges Clemenceau, by George Adam: Harcourt, Brace; *The Dangers of Obedience* by Harold Laski: Harper; and *Portrait of the Artist as American* by Matthew Josephson: Harcourt, Brace, will be reviewed later.

The Outlook's Five Inch Shelf

For Week-End Reading

Detective: **The Fourth King,** by Harry Stephen Keeler: Dutton.
Novel: **The Selbys,** by Anne Green: Dutton.
Biography: **Emerson, the Enraptured Yankee,** by Regis Michaud: Harper.
Miscellaneous: **King Mob,** by Frank K. Notch: Harcourt, Brace.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

YOU CAN

Manage your business to greater advantage—Administer your income with greater profit—Invest more wisely, more securely

OUR FINANCIAL SYSTEM

By ALBERT S. KEISTER

WILL HELP YOU TO

Use notes, bonds, stocks, drafts, securities, and all sorts of commercial paper; make any type of investment in savings banks, trust companies, insurance companies, the stock exchange, building and loan associations, mortgage companies, bond houses or any other general financial institution.

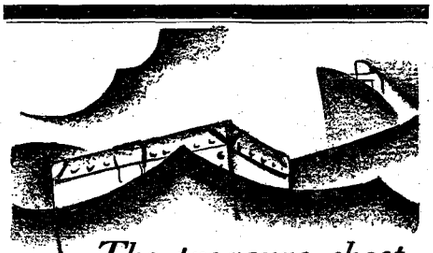
Beginning with a simple explanation of the origin of money the author traces the development of finance to the present day. Money is shown actually *at work*.

Interestingly written and illustrated

$2.40

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY

60 Fifth Avenue - - New York



The treasure chest

of the high seas today is a

BON VOYAGE BOOK BOX

—the most thoughtful of all going-away gifts.

Write or wire name of voyageur, giving the price of box desired, the name of the vessel and the date of sailing. Delivery will be made to steamer. Books and magazines of your choice or ours will be sent. Bon Voyage Book Boxes are priced at $5, $10, $15, $20.

BRENTANO'S

Booksellers to the World

No. 1, West 47th Street

Branch 5th Ave. at 27th

Behind the Blurbs

FOR the amusement of western booksellers at their Los Angeles convention, Dutton ran a page advt. in the Sat. Review, ballyhooing certain of the Everyman classics in the modern manner. "He scorned her love—even in HELL!" leads off an announcement of *The Aeneid*, subtitled *The Story of a Vagabond Lover*. "Here is a book for the ages, an Italian *Farewell to Arms*, filled with the glory that was Greece and the grandeur that is advertising." "A sea-farin' man tells all!" captions the advt. for *The Odyssey*—"As told to Lowell Homer—Author of *The Iliad*, the Greatest of All War Books." *The Taming of the Shrew*, *Pepys*, and *Plato's Dialogues* are also treated in the same way. It is very amusing, and we feel that there's a moral in it somewhere, but who wants to be bothered with morals? They're just excess baggage. ☙ ☙ ☙ And did you know that Maxim Gorky's real name is Alexei Maximovitch Pyeshkoff? Isn't it awful how these things are bound to come out sooner or later? ☙ ☙ ☙ *The Later Years of Thomas Hardy*[1] is the second volume of Florence Emily Hardy's biography of her husband, and covers the years from 1892, when *Tess* was published, to his death in 1928. It is more a diary, interspersed with letters, than a biography; it is nevertheless of course a valuable book. ☙ ☙ ☙ *When Beggars Ride*[2] concerns the conquest of Paris by Zep Brent's wealthy widow and her charming daughter, the best part of which is Mrs. Brent's cool dismissal of an uninvited guest whom Prince Melancours brought with him to her dinner party. Upon the Prince's departure, Mrs. Brent, in his hearing, instructs her daughter to bring up from the street the first ragamuffin she meets to take that titled bounder's place. The rather tousled young man whom her daughter picks up gets off several swell remarks and of course turns out to be somebody, and the romance follows its usual course. Amusing, written by an excellent craftsman, but in our opinion no great shakes. ☙ ☙ ☙ Among the writers of gay, witty and sometimes touching costume romance set down, well toward the head of the list, the name of Thomas Bell. His *The Breed of Basil*[3] is an April book, containing both showers and sunshine, and at the beginning, unfortunately, one rather long spell of heavy weather—the chronicle of the ancestry of the rulers and ministers of Illyria. After that, when Brian of Malvern, the introspec-

1. Macmillan, $5.00.
2. By George Agnew Chamberlain: Putnam, $2.00.
3. McBride, $2.50.

The Outlook's Guide to the Most Discussed Books

This list of ten best-selling books is compiled from reports sent to the Outlook each week by wire from the following representative bookshops:

BRENTANO'S, *New York;* SCRANTOMS, INC., *Rochester;* KORNER & WOOD, *Cleveland;* SCRUGGS, VANDERVOORT & BARNEY, *St. Louis;* KENDRICK BELLAMY CO., *Denver;* TEOLIN PILLOT CO., *Houston;* PAUL ELDER & CO., *San Francisco;* NORMAN REMINGTON CO., *Baltimore;* EMERY BIRD THAYER, *Kansas City;* MILLER'S BOOK STORE, *Atlanta;* BULLOCK'S, *Los Angeles;* STEWART KIDD, *Cincinnati;* J. K. GILL, CO., *Portland, Oregon;* JOHN WANAMAKER, *Philadelphia;* THE OLD CORNER BOOK STORE INC., *Boston, Massachusetts.*

Fiction

Rogue Herries, by Hugh Walpole: Doubleday, Doran. A delightful romantic novel, enriched by good characterizations and an ample, vivid eighteenth century setting. Reviewed April 23.

Cimarron, by Edna Ferber: Doubleday, Doran—Picturesque tale of Oklahoma. Reviewed April 9.

The Door, by Mary Roberts Rinehart: Farrar and Rinehart. An ingenious mystery story with a startling denouement. Reviewed April 2nd.

Long Hunt, by James Boyd: Scribner's. The life of a typical American in the great days of pioneer Tennessee. Reviewed April 9th.

The Woman of Andros, by Thornton Wilder: A. & C. Boni. A lovely prose poem on the beauty of frustration. Reviewed February 26.

Non-Fiction

Grandeur and Misery of Victory, by Georges Clemenceau: Harcourt, Brace. The last broadside of a great journalist-statesman. Reviewed April 23.

Byron, by Andre Maurois: Appleton. A brilliant biography of the self-made tragic hero. Reviewed March 26.

The Strange Death of President Harding, by May D. Thacker: Guild Publishing Co. Will not be reviewed in these pages.

The Story of San Michele, by Dr. Axel Munthe: Dutton. The absorbing and romantic autobiography of a famous doctor, an eccentric character and a great soul.

Treatise on the Gods, by H. L. Mencken: Knopf. To be reviewed later by Edmund B. Chaffee.

Magazine Articles Recommended

The American Negro in Europe, by J. A. Rogers. American Mercury, May.

Mr Rogers, a self-educated Negro author, describes the status of the black man abroad. The freedom and consideration he enjoys in Continental Europe amaze not only the white American, but completely bewilder the traveling Aframerican himself. Although differing in many respects from ours, England, too, has a definite Negro problem. There, asserts the author, "the every day lot" of the colored man "is far worse than in America."

The Death of D. H. Lawrence, by Rebecca West. The Bookman, April-May.

This is frankly a personal estimate and reminiscence of the English writer whose recent death has caused a flood of conflicting comment. Miss West, herself a well known novelist, does not let friendship and admiration for Lawrence obscure her critical faculties. She believes he asked too much of life, although "the presumption is that he was nearer the truth than we are." Whatever may be your reaction to Lawrence's novels, this article will give you a clearer understanding of his purpose and aim.

Steady Work for All, by Louis Stark. Forbes', May 1.

This brief article tells how the Procter & Gamble Company, Ivorydale, Ohio, has been able to guarantee 48 weeks employment for every man in the organization. The sales department is required to adhere rigidly to a twelve month schedule of orders secured. On this is based a production schedule in the factory and even in its cotton seed mills. Colonel Procter does not pretend he has found a panacea, but believes that many businesses would, by similar methods, fatten out their employment curves.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tive hero, takes the stage, it begins to move, and the story of his love for Eleanor, who is beautiful and human and remote and rubs him with goose-grease when he has a cold, is charming. We recommend it to those who like sentimentality without mawkishness, and who can find as much pleasure in a simple story of two lovers as in the novel which has some social or psychological ax to grind. ♣ ♣ ♣ Very weak wash is Robert W. Chambers' *The Painted Minx*[4], the story of Marie Guest, brilliant and beautiful 17-year-old leading lady of the John Street Theatre in New York, when that city was held by the British during the Revolution. Marie and her girl friends dressed up in regimentals and spent all their time off stage dining and dancing and taking little trips with the army, and practically owned all the officers from Sir William down, the minxes! Of course the innocent little dears came to no harm. And anyway, Marie had a rebel lover, and was true to'm. The only interest in the book is the background, which Mr. Chambers knows very well indeed. But there is none of the romantic action which he handles at times so vividly, and very little of the accustomed sparkle in the conversation. ♣ ♣ ♣ An immense amount of research and reading, a point of view not predetermined by prejudice, and the ability to paint a large and colorful canvas with no sacrifice of detail have gone to the writing of René Fülöp-Miller's *The Power and Secret of the Jesuits*[5], into whose close packed pages we have dipped only enough to know that we intend to dip much deeper. Extremely interesting, it has also a solidity which should recommend it to you if you are surfeited with the jazzed-up journalism of so many of the current re-hashes of serious subjects. ♣ ♣ ♣ An investigation into the activities of censors, purity leaguers, the Klan, Bishop Cannon, professional propagandists and anti-everything-ites is very ably conducted by H. I. Brock in *Meddlers*[6], a book you will want to read if you have been irritated by any of the organizations or individuals whose chief mission in life seems to be unwarranted interference with your personal liberty. Very outspoken, very entertaining. A book that every American citizen should read and ponder over. ♣ ♣ ♣ A very good detective story is *The Man Who Was There*[7], in which a gent is found placidly reading poetry on the porch of a bungalow containing a freshly slaughtered corpse. Very ingenious is the story, and very good reading—exciting, scary, and well put together. A trifle too ingenious at the end, unfortunately. The last complication of the plot isn't quite credible, and adds nothing to the story. But we give it an A. ♣ ♣ ♣ *Murder Backstairs*[8] concerns itself with the mystery of the maid in the pool. Who threw her in—first beaning her with a perfume bottle? It might have been almost any one of the Berkeley family, for mama was a snob and a perfume addict, and there was something queer about papa, and Clorinda was wandering about the grounds that night, and Dick, though stewed, had had a date with the maid. Then there was her jealous fiancé, the chauffeur, and the high-born social secretary, and the elegant Mr. Crosby, whose aristocratic nostrils flared whenever he was insulted, and that was quite often. We wouldn't have blamed any member of the cast for having killed any other member, for they're all, including Bonnie Dundee, the detective, cheap and incredible people. A fairly good plot, spoiled by complete lack of restraint and dignity in the telling. ♣ ♣ ♣ Gaston Leroux' *The Man of a Hundred Faces*[9] is the story of the kaleidoscopic adventures of Alfred Rose, penniless young lawyer, and how he took up with the fair but sinful Lady Helena Skarlett and did a lot of gambling and thieving in said lady's company, assisted by a special set of tools made by an Arabian expert. There's also the gent of the title, who almost forgets himself what face he has on of a morning, the cruel Sir Archibald, ancient feuds, Scottish dungeons, chains, etc., all designed to make your heart go pit a pat, which they occasionally do. ♣ ♣ ♣ Jason, in *The Fourth King*[10], first saw Avery as a girl "with great dark eyes that held in them the promise of wonderful wifehood." Right there the love interest was made clear to us; we knew that the wedding bells would peal in the proper place; and we could go on with the mystery part of the story without being distracted. The mystery part is pretty good, much better than we had expected from this author, whose last effort merely annoyed us. For Jason's employer got a warning that if he didn't lay off his crooked promotion schemes, he'd be killed, so he got Jason to substitute for him, first forcing our hero to sign a confession of theft in order to protect Avery. Employer dies, Jason is pinched for theft, there are some excellent pieces of deduction by Jason and a clever murder, from which we don't understand why the characteristic odor of bitter almonds is missing. But all in all a good yarn.

WALTER R. BROOKS.

4. Appleton, $2.50.
5. Viking, $5.00.
6. Washburn $3.00.
7. By N. A. Temple-Ellis: Dutton, $2.00.
8. By Anne Austin: Macmillan, $2.00.
9. Macaulay, $2.00.
10. By Harry Stephen Keeler: Dutton, $2.00.

"A Most Notable American"

JOHNSON OF THE MOHAWKS

A Biography by ARTHUR POUND
In Collaboration with Richard E. Day

Among pre-Revolutionary figures Sir William Johnson stands out as one of the remarkable men of his day. Coming to America as an Irish immigrant, he became a frontier trader, bought his first wife and later married two Indian maids, became a Mohawk war chief, was made a baronet, and amassed the largest fortune of his time. He was an empire builder and his work in opening the way to the west was vital to the spread of colonization along the Mohawk trail. His curious and exciting life is spread on these pages with unusual distinction. *Illustrated* $5.00

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY ~ ~ NEW YORK

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SOUTH AMERICA

FORTNIGHTLY service on the famous "Prince" ships provide for the *fastest time* to Rio de Janeiro, Santos and Montevideo with 17 day service to Buenos Aires. The travel-wise select the super-luxury liners—*Northern Prince, Eastern Prince, Southern Prince* or *Western Prince* for a fast, safe voyage.

Accommodations for first-class passengers only. Reservations and literature at authorized tourist agents or Furness Prince Line, 34 Whitehall St. (where Broadway begins), or 565 5th Ave., N. Y. C.

FURNESS *Prince* LINE

Prince Line Service has been continuous between New York and South America for 35 years.

FREE 48 page Book LIFE DEATH LIFE

SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY of Individual Life-explains mysteries of the unusual. A path toward knowledge of amazing facts you may investigate yourself. Address: A. FRIEND 112½ E. CHESTNUT ST. LOUISVILLE, KY.

THE OUTLOOK RECOMMENDS

TUTORING FOR BOYS IN ENGLAND

Major L. F. Wynne Willson (Winchester and Oxford) receives limited number of pupils at Alderley, Wotton-Under-Edge, in the most beautiful part of Gloucestershire. Preparation for all University entrance and competitive examinations. Individual attention. Special students received. Home life. All Games. Shooting, and hunting with the Beaufforts. For particulars apply to Miss A. M. Farrell, Care Tracy Dows Esq., Rhinebeck, New York.

COMMANDER BYRD took twelve copies of

30 GAMES OF SOLITAIRE

A Lifetime of Entertainment

All different—60c, dealers or postpaid—or in handsome gift box with playing card design, 75c.

LEWIS—Publisher, 28 Electric Bldg., Cincinnati, O.

FREE CATALOGS, Camps or Schools in U. S. Want for Girls or Boys? Advice, State Chartered Free Bureau.
American Schools' Association
Times Bldg., N. Y. C., or 17 N. State, Chicago
CAMPS INFORMATION

Emergent Evolution

As Seen in Recent Books

WHAT JOHN DEWEY has done in philosophy by insisting on the substitution of "actual experience in its concrete content and movement" for "traditional philosophical and religious notions," this H. S. Jennings of Johns Hopkins University has done for biology in *The Biological Basis of Human Nature* (Norton). The doctrine of emergent evolution becomes a declaration of independence for biology. Jennings rejects the prevalent dogma that the only sound method of learning about the organic is to study the inorganic. The curse of biological science has been "the notion that the best interpreter of the living is he who confines himself to the study of the non-living," and this notion the doctrine of emergent evolution repudiates. The biologist who is hereafter to speak authoritatively on the problems of human life must be an economist, a politician, an historian, as well as a physiologist. And yet, as the bulk of this authoritative volume amply demonstrates, he must be first of all a biologist, participating in such research as will advance our knowledge of the genetic system, familiar with the limitations and disappointments, the controversies and achievements of both botany and zoology. Jennings in this extraordinarily interesting volume undertakes to tell us what biology has to contribute to the understanding of our lives and of the world in which we live.

Among the interesting things is that a given individual may be personally normal, but may nevertheless carry about with him defective genes; that there is a protective insurance in having two parents; that a large majority both of the superior people and of undesirables arise from mediocre parents; that diversities of characteristics may be due to heredity or to environment, and that there is no thorough-going distinction in kind between the diversities which are inherited in the strict sense and those which are produced by environmental differences; that, with reference to certain diseases, tuberculosis for example, the genetic contribution is of much importance, but that the environment is probably even more important; that by stopping the propagation of the feebleminded we would get rid of about eleven per cent of the feebleminded in the very next generation, but that it might take two or three thousand years by this method alone to get rid of the remaining eighty-nine per cent.

We learn many other things of the first importance about such subjects as race mixture, monogamy, alcohol, and the transmission of acquired characters. Perhaps the most disturbing and useful bit of information in the whole volume, packed as it is with such information, is that "to clear and definite questions, nature declines to give clear and definite answers." Thus the biological laboratory reeks with comparative statistics. It does not dispense with the need for computing probabilities. Perhaps the very best chapter in this book is the one which lies almost exactly in its center and which deals with biological fallacies and human nature. There are just fourteen of them—*absit omen*. The first to be exposed and condemned is the fallacy of non-experimental judgments; the fallacy of judging propositions in genetics on the basis of one's general impressions of the rest of the universe, of what one sees in other fields. The second fallacy, which is described as a common plague of humanity, is that of attributing to one cause what is due to many causes. Among others of the fourteen is that of concluding that because one factor plays a rôle, another does not—drawing negative conclusions from positive observations; that heredity signifies or requires likeness of parents and offspring—that like produces like; and that superior individuals must have come from superior parents, and that this will continue to happen. It appears finally that biology supports neither the dogma that all individuals are fundamentally alike, nor the opposite notion that "classes" as such perpetuate themselves. The study of genetics does not suggest an aristocratic constitution of society. It tends rather to support the democratic doctrine that any part of the social mass can in time supply individuals fitted for all of the functions of society.

The New World of Physical Discovery (Bobbs-Merrill) by Floyd L. Darrow is intended to rob the X-ray of its mystery and to enable the layman to know as much as he may legitimately aspire to know about electrons, protons, and photons—the three fundamental entities of the universe.

With these three "introductions" we may group G. Elliot Smith's *Human History* (Norton) a fascinating, comprehensive, and a competent introduction to biological anthropology; that is to say to man's life story.

EDWARD T. DEVINE.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Theatre

By O. D. C.

DO YOU remember *Romeo and Juliet* as the play of the moon struck lovers? With, perhaps, Marlowe and Sothern romantically strutting the Victorian stage? Or the music of the opera as accompaniment to the greatest love story ever told?

If so—and particularly if you had Shakespeare forced down your throat in school days, and have not read the play in years—prepare to revise your ideas on the evening you set out for the Civic Repertory theatre to see Eva LeGallienne as Juliet. Prepare for the roll of the drums as the pages march dramatically from the pit upon the stage and up the long flight of steps in the public place of blue and white Italian Verona. Prepare for stirring deeds, and duels and the swashbucklers of the Middle Ages—with an ambitious family anxious for the material promotion of their daughter and struck with grief to find her instead promoted into Heaven. Prepare to see the rival gangs of Montagues and Capulets striding the streets, and Romeo, son of Montague, of a sudden caught by the childish impetuous beauty of Juliet Capulet and plunged into a current of irresistible events whose outcome is tragedy.

Fortune's Fool, in a bawdy age, climbing the garden wall to swear eternal love to the most resolute, most impetuous, and clearest visioned girl imaginable!

Why, here is an exciting evening, far removed from mere moon struck lovers, mouthing the well worn Balcony Scene. To our mind, Eva LeGallienne as Juliet is an event in the history of the theatre, not to be confused for one instant with the fanfare of Shakespearean revivals and all star casts.

One may regret the lack, in her portrayal, of a more personal passionate emotion. And the soft Victorian femininity of Marlowe of the beautiful voice may be absent. It is. But in its place is impetuous youthful surrender, swift whirlwind rebellion, courage and desperate action—surely more in tune with the Elizabethan age than with the soft humors of a more Victorian interpretation.

It is little short of amazing, how bawdy and Freudian are the interludes in this love story of the ages. But they seem more in keeping in this Nineteen Thirty portrayal than they ever could have in the Nineties. And there is always present, in this Civic Repertory presentation, the swift exciting melodramatic story, mounting steadily from scene to scene, skilfully contrived and dramatically convincing, even to the fatal moment when the Friar's plans go wrong and Romeo swallows his poison, unaware that Juliet is only in a coma.

Daggers in the dark! Bawdy gallants tossing back and forth the alehouse jests! In the Civic playhouse one can almost feel the long vanished audiences at the Globe, alternately holding their breath and yelling with laughter.

Here is colorful, hair raising melodrama, with a poet for dramatist, and an accomplished actress as lead.

The rest of the company is only adequate—next to Miss LeGallienne, Leona Roberts struck us as the only really excellent player—and for this reason Romeo seemed hardly worth all the excitement. Compared to Juliet and her indomitable soul he was always only a poor stick, touched with Hamlet's irresolution and Macbeth's weakness.

And yet, even granting this usually fatal flaw, we predict that you will be so caught up by the mere excitement of the quarrelsome story of which the romance is part that you will emerge wondering whence came that dim impression you once had that *Romeo and Juliet* was merely a long drawn out sentimental mooning for youths.

Lest any one take our advice however and find us over enthusiastic, perhaps we should say that we had seen on the evening before the long awaited single character play *Courtesan*—which while a *tour de force* in the sense of theatrical tricks, was not in itself a good enough play to hold our interest. But with such material, the one lone actress did fairly well.

Guide to Current Shows

Strictly Dishonorable: Love and adventure in a speak-easy—delightful light comedy.

Journey's End: The great war play, perfectly acted.

*__Fifty Million Frenchmen:__ Expertly produced musical comedy.

*__Sons o' Guns:__ A gay musical show with the irrepressible Jack Donahue and alluring Lily Damita.

Rebound: Excellent cake, but not enough bread and butter.

Topaze: Hats off to Lee Shubert for bringing this comedy from Paris.

*__The Green Pastures:__ The humble negro's story of the Lord God. The event of the season.

*__Simple Simon:__ Thank Heaven for Ed. Wynn. Music, ballet and pleasing nonsense.

*__Michael and Mary:__ A tender and witty comedy of real human beings.

Hotel Universe: Fourth dimensional psychology—a bit heavy but extremely interesting.

*__Uncle Vanya:__ Moving Russian tragedy, splendidly produced—with Lillian Gish.

Flying High: The ideal summer musical show—with Bert Lahr more amusing than ever.

*Indicates the leading attractions as reported by McBride's Inc.

5½% Safety and a Payment Plan

SO conservative is the type of security offered by the Investors Syndicate—

That your own appraisal would lead you to expect a return of about 4½%.

Instead, this Installment Investment Certificate earns 5½%, compounded annually, which over a period of years is the equivalent of 6½% simple interest.

More than 175,000 individuals and businesses are using the Investors Syndicate Plan—

To build funds of from $1,000 to $100,000 by proportionately very small payments.

Ask for informative booklet, "Enjoy Money." Use coupon.

Gentlemen: Send booklet, "Enjoy Money."

Name.....

Address.....

INVESTORS SYNDICATE

FOUNDED • 1894

MINNEAPOLIS

NEW YORK LOS ANGELES

Offices in 51 Cities

Assets Over $33,000,000

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

In This Issue

JONATHAN MITCHELL is well known to readers of the Outlook and Independent as a frequent contributor. He has recently returned from London where he has been reporting the Naval Disarmament Conference.

MYRON M. STEARNS is a magazine writer and a specialist in transportation. His latest contribution to the Outlook and Independent was "Troubled Airways."

GLADYS OAKS is a member of the staff of the New York *World*. Miss Oaks is also author of a novel, *Nursery Rhymes for Children of Darkness*.

STOYAN CHRISTOWE was born in Bulgaria and emigrated to the United States at an early age. He has contributed several articles describing his experiences in America. Mr. Christowe is also author of a novel shortly to be published.

Next Week

Merchant in Letters, by Benjamin Stolberg.

Among moulders of American public opinion the figure of George Horace Lorimer, editor of the *Saturday Evening Post*, looms large. Although the *Post* undeniably caters to the Babbitry, it is equally true, the author claims, that Mr. Lorimer is not one of them. "It is really the mentality of the American people that he has been editing," Mr. Stolberg writes, "he has been editing a national outlook for a business society." It is accordingly not surprising that stories in the *Post* are not chosen on their literary merits. They must fit in with Mr. Lorimer's general views. The result is inevitable. Business success and love are the ever-recurrent themes. "Stories in the *Post*," Mr. Stolberg asserts, "are really grown-up bedtime stories."

Future of the Chinese Puzzle, by W. Lock Wei.

Although the powers which have established themselves in China believe that they have been benefactors of the country, the Chinese feel that they have reasonable cause for complaint. As a result of the treaties made after the defeat of China by Japan in 1894, the former is in a position somewhat similar to that of a minor compelled to live up to a contract made under duress. Fortunately, the author declares, the men who are rising to controlling positions in the government are those who originally went abroad to study Western methods and science. Although their task is great, the author feels that they are capable of establishing a permanent central government.

Sisters of the Hollow Leg, by Kay Kennedy.

It is a long time since ladies who drank cocktails and smoked cigarettes were regarded as fast. It is also a far cry from the pre-prohibition saloon to the modern speakeasy, which enjoys a large feminine patronage. Judging by the prevalence of cocktails at ladies' luncheons and bridge parties,—Miss Kennedy, whose experience is by no means limited to New York, reports that among the unexpected results of prohibition is the fact that women are learning to drink.

A Philistine on Modern Music, by Marshall Kernochan.

A curious tendency pervades the arts and especially music today. New theories and technical innovations, the author declares, are being advanced so numerously that emotional content is being subordinated to manner of expression. Largely responsible for this state of affairs is the dread, on the composer's part, of being thought unoriginal, or the desire to earn the applause of one or more sophisticated coteries. Mr. Kernochan advises the would-be composer to concentrate more on matter and less on manner.

Stock-Mindedness, by William O. Scroggs.

After the events of last October and November, it was freely predicted that the small investor, saving what he could from the wreckage, would run for cover to the bond market. In spite of a small flurry in bonds, however, this prediction proved false. The public, it seems, is still preponderantly stock-minded. Mr. Scroggs raises the question as to how long this state of affairs will continue. Judging, as we go to press, by the latest reports from Wall Street, the end is not far off.

The Movies

By CREIGHTON PEET

All Quiet on the Western Front

LEWIS MILESTONE'S film of Remarque's novel is, without any doubt at all, I am convinced, the finest war picture ever made in this or any other country. Nothing of the book has been lost, nothing softened, nothing hidden or sentimentalized. Milestone's film brings to life in terribly incisive and articulate photography Herr Remarque's simple and dispassionate account precisely as it is related in his book. The only difference is that on the screen these pictures are so shockingly vivid and unforgettable that they make the earlier printed words seem cold and motionless. Furthermore, I honestly feel that this film is also the most overwhelming argument against war yet produced in any medium. It is all very well to hold peace meetings and disarmament conferences and write books—but if every human being in the world—and each succeeding generation—could see this film of *All Quiet*, I believe that the next war could actually be postponed indefinitely.

While most of the credit for the direction goes to Mr. Milestone, it should also be reported that Maxwell Anderson and George Abbott were responsible for the arrangement of the dialogue and scenes. The picture was produced by Universal, a company which has been rather in the background in the past few years.

Those who stand out in the long cast are Lewis Ayres and Louis Wolheim, the first of whom plays the part of Paul—who is the last one left of his class. Mr. Wolheim's work is well known, but Lewis Ayres is something of a newcomer. He gives an excellent portrayal.

The film has, besides its honesty, a multitude of virtues. For one thing, it is a moving picture in the finest sense of the term. Arthur Edeson's photography is telling and often beautiful. It is so eloquent that it could very nearly stand without its sound track.

Particularly effective to me were the scenes in which the three men swim the canal to spend a few hours with the girls in the farm house. The whole thing was so delicately and tenderly handled that a hard-boiled Broadway audience failed to produce even a snicker. Also excellent is the scene in which Paul returns to his classroom to find his old teacher ranting about "patriotism" to a group of fifteen year old boys. (You may remember that when he tells them what he really thinks of the War they rise up and yell "traitor" at him.)

All Quiet on the Western Front is a distinguished talking picture and one which Mr. Milestone and Universal should both be mighty proud of.

King of Jazz

While it is as completely lacking in humor as most of the other Hollywood revues, *King of Jazz* has to its credit the playing of Paul Whiteman's superlative band and a number of ingenious if tricky camera effects. Especially good is the opening number, an animated cartoon in which Paul Whiteman is pursued and almost devoured by a ferocious lion. On the whole it is a good show. It runs smoothly and all the numbers are exceedingly short.

In 1924, you may remember, Mr. Whiteman took his orchestra into the sacred precincts of Aeolian Hall in an attempt to make an honest woman of Jazz, at that time a cheap and notorious wench. On this occasion he introduced George Gershwin's *Rhapsody in Blue*, a gorgeous and original composition. Now, six years later, Mr. Whiteman makes a film called *King of Jazz* for Universal, and he is still playing the *Rhapsody in Blue*.

Jazz may now be a lady, but she doesn't seem to have any children. In fact, the orchestration of the Gershwin piece seems to have affected nearly every number played in this picture. In general, *King of Jazz* closely resembles those stage shows in which Paul Whiteman recently appeared on the Paramount circuit. Many of the acts are the same, except

Worth Seeing

High Treason: Fantastic British film showing life as it may or may not be in 1940. Shown everywhere but New York and Pennsylvania where censors interfere.
He Knew Women: Adult talkie made from the Guild play **The Second Man:** Lowell Sherman and Alice Joyce are good.
Journey's End: An honest and moving war film made from the British play without any alterations.
Light of the Western Stars: A refreshing if unimportant western with Richard Arlen and Mary Brian.
The Man From Blankley's: John Barrymore forgets about his profile and his power over women to be delightfully entertaining.
The Rogue Song: A great deal of singing by Lawrence Tibbett the opera star but not so much story.
Song O' My Heart: John McCormack sings about a dozen of his ballads. Beautifully recorded.

Not So Good

Free and Easy: Occasionally amusing Buster Keaton's first talkie is hardly up to his usual standard.
Hold Everything: Another one of those all-singing, all-dancing things.
Paramount on Parade: An attempt to do an intimate revue which is pretty weak stuff.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

that in the film everything is bigger. Ceilings are thirty feet high and twenty chorus girls dance where one danced before. The only funny gag in the film is from a Peter Arno drawing.

▶▶ *"Show Girl in Hollywood"*

The rumor current at the time this film was being shot was that Hollywood executives, faced with the problem of depicting themselves and their studios on the screen in the filming of J. P. McEvoy's story, had recruited for their purpose a young lady from a high school in the Middle West. They then filmed a picture of backstage Hollywood from this young lady's pre-conception of the place. In other words they gave the girls in the movie audience just what they wanted. You see Hollywood just as it is described in the fan magazines, yes-men, heart-aches, first nights and all. But no wild parties! No! No gin bottle rears its horrid head in that blessed land. Alice White does well enough as the pert little Dixie Dugan, and Jack Mulhall is satisfactory as Jimmy Doyle, while Blanch Sweet plays the rôle of Donna Harris, the faded movie queen. I regret to say that nearly all of Mr. McEvoy's wisecracks have been lost in the shuffle.

▶▶ *"The New Adventures of Dr. Fu Manchu"*

Dr. Fu Manchu, alias Warner Oland, is back, but I don't think you need be very much alarmed in spite of the fact that he has a deadly ore-ental druggg which kills the mind in a few seconds and leaves the victim a hopeless idiot. So old fashioned and so numerous are the horrors in this talkie made from Sax Rohmer's story, that only the smallest children will be able to take it seriously.

▶▶ *Fan Mail*

Atop this reviewer's bookcase stands a large and handsome photograph (stolen) of Greta Garbo dressed in a plain black dress and looking as casual and glamorous as ever. The other day the gentleman who delivers the laundry paused before this picture, looked long and approvingly and finally murmured, "ah-ha—the girl-friend?"

"Yes," I answered condescendingly, "one of them."

CANADIAN NATIONAL—TO EVERYWHERE IN CANADA

The Highlands of ONTARIO

JUST over night from peopled places lies this cool forest playground . . . with silver lakes, shady by-paths, fragrant air and sport for all.

Hundreds of welcoming havens . . . at Muskoka, Kawartha, Lake of Bays, the 30,000 Islands of Georgian Bay or the beautiful shores of blue Lake Huron . . . offer infinite variety in summertime pleasures.

Golf and tennis, fishing, swimming and canoeing in an ideal breeze-swept environment.

Or . . . paddle and camp in the solitudes of Algonquin Park, Timagami or Nipigon Forest Reserves where silence reigns and game fish leap.

Reasonable rates and comfortable accommodations for summer guests.

Radio is an attractive feature on Canadian National de luxe trains.

Canadian National was the first railway in the world to provide this facility.

Full information from any Canadian National Office

CANADIAN NATIONAL
The Largest Railway System in America

BOSTON 186 Tremont St.
BUFFALO 420 Main St.
CHICAGO 4 S. Michigan Ave.
CINCINNATI 49 E. Fourth St.
CLEVELAND 925 Euclid Ave.
DETROIT 1523 Washington Blvd.
DULUTH 430 W. Superior St.
KANSAS CITY 705 Walnut St.
LOS ANGELES 607 So. Grand Ave.
MINNEAPOLIS 518 Second Ave. So.
NEW YORK 505 Fifth Ave.
PHILADELPHIA 1422 Chestnut St.
PITTSBURGH 356 Fifth Ave.
PORTLAND, ME. Grand Trunk Ry. Sta.
PORTLAND, ORE. 302 Yamhill St.
ST. LOUIS 314 No. Broadway
ST. PAUL 83 East Fifth Street
SAN FRANCISCO 689 Market St.
SEATTLE 1329 Fourth Avenue
WASHINGTON, D.C. 901—15th St., N. W.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Mr. Gatti

By PITTS SANBORN

BACK in 1908 an Assyrian-looking gentleman from northern Italy took over the management of the Metropolitan Opera House. On the threshold of forty, he appeared older, and some New Yorkers made no bones about hoping that his local consulship would be brief. In fact, they did what they could to insure brevity. He himself said nothing; he has never wasted words. Like the Sphinx, except that he asked no questions, he kept his own counsel and remained. Obstacles and opposition vanished, one knows not how; but vanish they did, leaving no trace. At the end of the opera season of 1929-1930 the gentleman in question, Mr. Giulio Gatti-Casazza, was handed a contract for an additional managerial term of five years. The same thing will doubtless happen in 1935, if he so desires. I have been told the Power who sponsors his presence here has pronounced Mr. Gatti the greatest administrator encountered in an exceedingly wide experience, one that would have been no less successful as head of a steel corporation or an oil syndicate.

Looking now younger than his years and still Assyrian, he remains Sphinx-like in his verbal parsimony. He is never in a hurry; he rarely appears ruffled. Deliberate and calm, he returns your gaze with eyes that have forsworn all enthusiasm, that have scrutinized every human illusion. And what has this pensive man of wisdom done? Though he may have left undone some things that he has wanted to do there is a shrewd suspicion that he never has done anything that he didn't want to do. Most men summoned to his difficult post in a strange country would have sought influential social connections. He, despite the Italian charm that he can exercise when he wishes, has gone his own undeviating way. During the many years when his abode was at 58th Street and Seventh Avenue, that way led to 39th Street and Seventh Avenue and back again. Accordingly a theory grew up that during his residence in New York he never had been west of Seventh Avenue or east of Fifth. This theory is demonstrably incorrect, for once he made his summer home at Great Neck and he has been known to visit Philadelphia. Today he lives in a hotel on the east side of Fifth Avenue.

These few statistics indicate plainly enough that he has not found it a part of his life work to inconvenience himself. It is worthy of note that those rash specimens of our erring humanity who by accident or design have caused him inconvenience sooner or later have faded out of his picture. Proverbially impresarios are victims of the tyranny of tenors. Never Giulio Gatti-Casazza. And no impresario has approached him in length of continuous service! The tenor with whom he dealt longest was of course Caruso. It is significant that after Caruso's death Mr. Gatti in his tribute stressed, not as others did, the man's extraordinary voice and art, but his unusual character. It was Caruso's fidelity to his work and his perfect discipline which the master of the opera house picked out for eulogy. I am told that when a less docile and reasonable tenor came complaining to his chief and in the midst of his grievances invoked the blessed name of him who had gone before, Mr. Gatti replied: "How dare *you* mention Caruso! *He* never made the slightest difficulty in this house. He accepted the parts assigned him, studied them diligently, reported regularly at rehearsals, was discipline incarnate." An ill-advised prima donna is supposed to have protested once, "But, Mr. Gatti, that isn't a star part—you forget that I'm a star!" "Very well," came the rumored answer, "until the end of this season you will star in Sunday night concerts—that's all."

Arriving in New York after ten prosperous years as manager of Milan's historic Scala, Mr. Gatti found several artists of note ready to hand and brought others with him. But apparently he never has deemed anybody indispensable. Sembrich, Eames, Fremstad, Toscanini, Destinn, Amato, Barrientos, Farrar, Ruffo, Chaliapin, Galli-Curci, Matzenauer shone in his heaven and went out. Of the Metropolitan company of November, 1908, only Louise Homer, Scotti, and Didur, among first line artists, remain on its roster today. But let us remember that some of the artists who have gone were introduced here by Mr. Gatti-Casazza, as well as still others who continue to ornament the troupe, like Martinelli, de Luca, Gigli, Lauri-Volpi, Pinza, to say nothing of Jeritza and Rethberg. Mr. Gatti is sometimes spoken of as a spirit that denies, but he didn't deny Rosa Ponselle a Metropolitan début without any previous experience of opera whatsoever. And how about Marion Talley?

True, in America he has been a very cautious experimenter. And yet his novelty list of twenty-two seasons is imposing. Nobody could accuse him of cherishing French opera as a hobby, but he introduced the ancient *Armide* and the modern *Ariane et Barbe-Bleu* to the American public, and has regaled his Metropolitan flock with *Louise, Pelléas et Mélisande, Habanera,* and *L'Heure Espagnole.* Prudent with respect to ultra-modern works, he nevertheless imported *Jonny spielt auf* and *Fra Gherardo.* Accused of hostility toward home products, he can point to the impressive American element in his company and to his pioneership in opening the Metropolitan stage to the operas and ballets of native composers. Nevertheless, this seasoned man of the theatre is no Don Quixote. On the second day of his incumbency at La Scala Boito took him to the Milan railway station to meet the venerable Giuseppe Verdi.

"Young man," said the revered Master, "remember that the theatre always should be full, never empty. The press is very important, but the critics are seldom of the same mind. You must study the box office statements, rather than the newspapers."

The lesson of the Master the "young man" in question has never forgotten.

Kyotchek

(Continued from Page 49)

the tables, unbuckled money-belts from which they pulled out crisp bills, the savings of a summer's labor, to drop in the tambourine which Karamka passed from table to table.

Nor did Karamka confine her appeal to low emotions. Some of the immigrants, armored against carnality, immune to the beguilements of lustful women, do what she would, refused to unstring their purses. There was a group of elderly Macedonians who absolutely kept their balance and refused to be shaken by the shaking of Karamka's body. The only thing that would fetch these fellows was an appeal to their patriotic emotions. This Karamka knew, and mounting the dais, she disappointed those who expected another exhibition of kyotchek. She sang the famous Davidoff song. And then Macedonian patriots, who had sung the same ditty in their comitadji days, dug deep in their pockets and rewarded the girl with hard-earned, mouldy dollar bills. All was not flesh in Karamka, they thought.

Karamka's star has waned. New recruits, with suppler bodies and more radiant youth, have taken her place on the kyotchek rostrum to entertain Greek and Bulgar. The troupes now form in Chicago and first present themselves to the critical eyes of the Chicago Greeks.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

If the girls can "do their stuff" and meet with the approval of the blasé Chicago first-nighters, they are instantly booked for long periods in Halstead Street, the Broadway of kyotchek in America, with contracts for extended and profitable visits to Detroit, St. Louis and other mid-western cities, ready for them to sign. And once a kyotchek girl makes a hit with the Greeks, she need have no worry about her future. Owners of restaurants and ice cream parlors and bootleggers and real estate operators are only too eager to place at her disposal their expensive limousines. She has only to choose.

Actualities at London

(Continued from Page 46)

negligible. This does not mean that the interests of France and Italy in the Balkans are necessarily forever irreconcilable, but the state of acute popular hostility which now exists in France towards Italy will prevent any French government, at least for the next year or so, from making any concessions.

However, if France does not reach some understanding with Italy—and also with Great Britain—and adheres to its announced submarine building policy, by the end of next year the British admiralty will begin clamoring for an increase in England's destroyer fleet. This will mean that the Three Power treaty figures must be revised upwards. Most observers believe that France will not insist on carrying through its submarine program. To do so, would be to risk provoking the wrath of all classes of Englishmen.

The future of world peace, however, as things stand now, rests largely with the United States and Great Britain. The two countries are now partners. They are not allies in the same sense that Germany and Austria were at the outbreak of the World War, but the Naval Disarmament Conference has clearly shown that they have arrived at a fairly definite working arrangement.

The situation seems to be that England has voluntarily made itself our ally, but that our Government is not yet committed to England. The British Foreign Office, it can be stated on the best authority, is prepared to base its future policy on the assumption that England's fleet will not be used against the United States, nor against a third country unless the United States is willing. There is no evidence that we have given, or have been asked to give, a reciprocal pledge to England.

As far as the rest of the world is concerned, however, this arrangement has all the menace of a potential military

It's Called the "5th ACE" WORLD CRUISE

● Ask those who know the earth's far corners about the "5th Ace" in Canadian Pacific's world cruise! ● Of course, these four are outstanding . . . (1) transatlantic resort-liner, the 21,850 gross-ton Empress of Australia . . . (2) 137-day voyage of spring-time . . . (3) a high-spot itinerary . . . (4) Canadian Pacific cuisine and service ● But what fuses these four into the perfect cruise is the "5th Ace"—Canadian Pacific's world-girdle of rail, ship, hotel and key-city offices ● Information, illustrated booklets, ship plans, from your own agent or any Canadian Pacific office: New York, Philadelphia, Boston, Chicago, Montreal, and 30 other cities in the United States and Canada. From New York, December 2. As low as $2000.

SIAM
Court dancers jangling in gold ...Bangkok's 300 temples . . . . . .

MADEIRA
Basket-sleds . . . .

ALGIERS
Secret streets . . .

BETHLEHEM
for Christmas . . .

CAIRO
New Year's Eve...

INDIA
The Taj Mahal...

CEYLON
Spices, elephants

SUMATRA
Exotic Padang...

CHINA
Color . . . people

JAPAN
Geishas, gardens

AND 12
other countries . .

IN 137 DAYS, From $2000 . . . .

YOU SAIL when winter comes . . .

DEC. 2, *from* NEW YORK

WORLD'S GREATEST TRAVEL SYSTEM
Canadian Pacific

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

alliance. The "Anglo-Saxons" are to act as a unit, and the "Anglo-Saxons" can, if they wish, force every other country in the world to do their bidding, for together they control the seas beyond possibility of challenge. The manpower of the United States and the British Empire, combined, is almost inexhaustible.

It is an axiom of European diplomacy that an alliance inevitably produces an opposing one. If Great Britain, with the support of the United States, adopts a harsh attitude towards continental Europe, most observers predict that the next ten years will see France drawing nearer to Italy, and both of them uniting with a reviving Germany to form a European bloc. At present these three countries are being kept apart by the chauvinism of their politicians; economically an alliance between them would be natural. Fear of the "Anglo-Saxons" is the one thing needed to force them to compose their differences.

A European bloc—a "United States of Europe"—under the aegis of the League of Nations, has been M. Briand's dream for a long while. If it should happen that Great Britain's new alliance with the United States should cause it to withdraw spiritually, so to speak, from the League, it seems certain that the League will tend to become a purely European affair.

Consider the circumstances. There is little chance that the United States will join the League. As the Pan American Union, under our dominance, increases in usefulness and prestige, the influence of the League in Central and South America will decline. The problems of the Far East are being rapidly settled by the interested Powers. Russia will not join the League, and Africa is a continent of colonies. The only field left for the League's political activities, consequently, will be Europe.

A federation of Europe under the leadership of the League, as provided for by M. Briand's plans, would be an immensely helpful thing for the peace of the world. If, however, the League should be allowed to fall into quiet desuetude, and the "United States of Europe" should turn out to be an alliance of France, Italy, Germany and their satellites, directed against the United States and England, it would be the most dangerous thing possible.

In the closing days of the Naval Disarmament Conference, Mr. Morrow assured M. Briand with all the earnestness at his command that the United States had no desire "to take England out of Europe." Mr. MacDonald likewise informed M. Briand that England

(*Concluded on Next Page*)

▶▶ From the Life ◀◀

By **IBBY HALL**

▶▶*The Hand*

LONG AGO, the painter finished the portrait. The painter's eyes, human, fallible, bound for death and darkness, had loved from the beginning the look of life. Color, burning and breathing in atmosphere; atmosphere shifting and blowing upon that flame; within these dissolving and renewing shades of light he saw the fixed fires of eternity. Where the eye of a king or laborer saw only blue, the painter's eye was transfixed by a universe of notes, whirling each in a rainbow sea.

And he called this pageant that sprang and died and was resurrected before his sight, the truth. He used his time perceiving it, and his hand in setting it down.

That second of exquisite balance which predicts motion and change now lived once again upon canvas and had become a portrait. The painter had finished with it.

The portrait, being made of canvas covered over with streaks and daubs of hardened paint, possessed no will of its own. The face, its skin that seemed so delicate in texture, could feel no touch. The eyes that appeared so perceiving could see nothing. The hands, instinct and precise with the look of life, were numb and moveless. The portrait, having no thought or voice or power of motion, floated upon the tide of time and was helpless. Recorded in an obscure language, it carried no message of life even, except to the far eye able to read.

The portrait was sold and resold, was hidden in darkness and disregarded in the light. It was cheapened by possession, fawned upon by the ignorant and loved in secret by the poor. It was hung upon tapestried walls in honor of tyranny, in honor of filth was stuffed into damp cellars, was coveted by thieves and misrepresented by charlatans, until at last after unknown centuries, (having no wits by which it could count), it quite inexplainably fell into the hands of another painter.

He was a clever painter, a clever fellow. There is no doubt he had his bread to make, a stomach which preferred food to atmosphere, and a nakedness that had the decent desire to cover itself. To this end he painted portraits, and having talent knew how to trick the imagination upon canvas and please his sitter. A little more than the thing one looked for—a little less than was strictly so—by these means possibly he trained his eye and hand and sold his pictures.

Into his hands there came the portrait by that earlier painter. Perhaps it came by accident at a price cheaper than untouched canvas, or perhaps it came by a trick, but for a while he must have stood in front of it and looked at it and wondered. Staring at what he saw, he must have hesitated before he dipped his brush in paint and covered the canvas with a portrait of his own; before he had that clever conceit about the hand—working the arm of his own portrait so skilfully that it flowed, natural as an artery, into the hand of the other. Was he by this means defending himself to his own perception; "This painting I have covered is no better than my own. See how the hand belongs as if it were intended?"

Or it is possible that the man was not a fool but, intent only upon the concealment and smuggling of a treasure beyond his means, still left the hand disclosed for his own surety.

And perhaps the whole business happened differently. Perhaps the earlier canvas came into his hands not by accident but by hire, with orders to cover it quickly—at the same time covering a theft. His cleverness then could have served him double—could have quieted his stomach and his conscience at one stroke, leaving that original hand uncovered perhaps as a signal of distress, a warning, a cipher in some obscure and faded language.

The portrait, that had become a clever painting, was now lost—was buried and all but dead. Passing at face value through the rooms of agents and collectors it reached one day the auction stand and, patiently waiting its turn, was finally held up for sale.

The eyes of a man brooded upon the painting. He had looked at it before. In that moment when he had first looked the hand had struck him as sharply as though it had lifted from the painting to his eyes; as though it had flung itself, living, above a tide of oblivion, an appeal, a cry. This was a clever painting but the hand was not clever. The hand was life.

The man who stared at it, up at auction, was commissioned by his museum. For a small sum the painting was his—was uncovered—stood revealed in the daylight, burning and alive and worth a fortune.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

had no wish nor intention of "leaving" Europe. M. Briand was told that he could count on England to aid in the formation of a "United States of Europe," and to continue to take a sympathetic interest in European affairs.

It is a question how far Mr. MacDonald, in saying this, has British public opinion behind him. At present, almost every newspaper in London is demanding that England stay as far away from European politics as possible. In the House of Commons, there is as much talk about the danger of "entangling alliances," as there is in our own Senate in Washington. For the immediate future, at least, England is not likely to co-operate very heartily with either the League of Nations nor with France, in settling the controversies of Europe.

As far as the United States and England are concerned, the understanding which now exists between them is a thoroughly good thing for the cause of peace. The much-discussed and much-dreaded issue of the "freedom of the seas," for one thing, has now settled itself. If the United States and Great Britain are to pursue parallel foreign policies, this issue can never arise between them. If there is a world war, and the United States and Great Britain stay out of it, they can together enforce the rights of neutrals. If they fight side by side, they can together enforce the rights of belligerents.

Most observers of international politics feel it would be deplorable if the Three Power treaty, and the alliance between America and England upon which it is based, were not welcomed by public opinion in the United States. But it is also necessary to recognize that this alliance has made other nations suspicious and fearful. It is the task of American and English statesmanship to show that this alliance does not menace their security nor their legitimate ambitions.

ARE WE

WASTING THIS SPACE

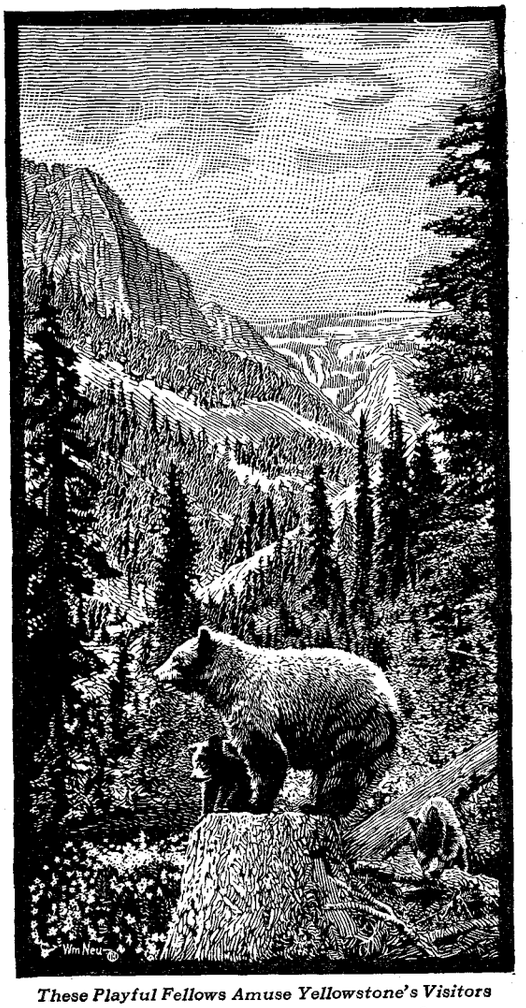
To tell you that the price of a year's subscription to The Outlook and Independent is only five dollars?

THE OUTLOOK AND INDEPENDENT
120 EAST 16TH STREET,
NEW YORK CITY.

Enclosed please find $5 for which please enter my subscription to The Outlook and Independent.

Name .....

Address .....



These Playful Fellows Amuse Yellowstone's Visitors

UNION PACIFIC SYSTEM — THE OVERLAND ROUTE

Union Pacific

The Natural Route to the National Parks

Union Pacific follows the westward trail of the old Pony Express . . . the most natural, most direct route to America's vacation playgrounds, the National Parks. Go via fine fast Overland Route trains and gain days in the West. Union Pacific serves 15 National Parks and reaches more of the scenic West than any other railroad.

Go Union Pacific and See *ALL* of

Yellowstone

GRAND TETON NATIONAL PARKS

Direct to West Yellowstone entrance—right on the Park boundary—nearest the thrilling geysers, mysterious paint pots and other phenomena which are Yellowstone's greatest show. Then, in logical order you see all of Yellowstone's other splendors—missing nothing. Be sure your ticket reads to West Yellowstone. Stopover privileges at Denver, Salt Lake City and Ogden, Utah. Many see Yellowstone on a combination tour with Rocky Mountain, Zion, Bryce, Grand Canyon National Parks or en route California or Pacific Northwest.

Rail Fares Reduced to Nearly Half to Colorado, California and Hawaii, Pacific Northwest and Alaska, and the Western National Parks.

Mail coupon today for full particulars and illustrated booklets.

Many prefer escorted tours—all details arranged for you—everything included in the first and only cost.

C. J. Collins, General Passenger Agent, Dept. 76
Union Pacific System, Omaha, Neb.
Please send me complete information and booklets.
I am interested in a vacation trip to _____
Name _____ Street _____
City _____ State _____
If student state grade _____

THE OVERLAND ROUTE

UNION PACIFIC

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

With Our Readers

Ex-Convicts

To the Editor of the Outlook and Independent: *Chicago*

DEAR SIR:

Serious students of the so-called crime problem will see in Clyde A. Merilees' criticism of "The Autobiography of an Ex-Thief" by John Coffey, a well formulated indictment against the platform of his self styled "elder brothers." His concern for the morals of our youth pales into insignificance against the sordid background of traditional hostile attitudes released through his emotional condemnation of the criminal.

His therapeutic formula "contempt for crime and the criminal" merges the actor with the act, and fails to recognize fundamental differences in human personalities. It is perhaps not surprising that the quite uniformly accepted tenets of modern psychology have failed to penetrate the lay group. One need only remind our "elder brothers," however, that in spite of a century of experience in attempting to execute their dogma, surprisingly little progress has been made (until quite recently) along the line of an intelligent effort to reorganize the criminal's behavior in terms of desired social values. . .

Our critic's description of penal institutions as providing the offender "with luxury and comforts during his prison term" might well be challenged alike by prisoners and more disinterested persons familiar with institutional administration. The essential point, however, is his lack of insight into the problems both of society and the criminal. One might substantiate the thesis that the elder brothers' contempt for the criminal is as justifiable as that which he (the criminal) has for us. Fortunately the well nigh impenetrable wall of misunderstanding which has hindered progress in the past is suffering severe shocks at the hands of current scientific researches. The life history document will play an increasingly important rôle in breaking the barrier.

FREDERICK M. ZORBAUGH

Brickbat

To the Editor of the Outlook and Independent: *Detroit*

DEAR SIR:

I have read with complete disgust an article appearing in the April 23rd issue of The Outlook, entitled "Literary Promoter," referring to Professor William Lyon Phelps, by one John Bakeless, or Halfbake.

Of course, an article so full of falsehoods and silly sarcasms cannot disturb so distinguished an educator as Professor Phelps, nor can it have any effect on the many thousands of intelligent people who admire his character and ability and enjoy his writings, except to increase their respect for him.

It does, however, seem a pity that so old and once respected a magazine as the Outlook should lend its columns to any one of the Bakeless type to vent his jealousies and inconsequential comments.

ROBERT F. DYER

Bouquet

To the Editor of the Outlook and Independent: *Fort Worth, Texas*

DEAR SIR:

Thank you for your courage in presenting the article on William Lyon Phelps. For years I have craved utterance for just such sentiments as those Mr. Bakeless has so ably expressed.

MRS. DAN C. LIPSCOMB

On Clerical Language

To the Editor of the Outlook and Independent: *Detroit*

DEAR SIR:

I hope you will never discontinue your "With Our Readers" section, wherein so many now have a chance to reveal the spirit that is in them.

Is it worthy of comment that the really vitriolic letters in almost every issue come from those who, signing themselves "reverend," serve, ostensibly, the altar of Him we know as the "Prince of Peace"? Take as an example one who on page 680 thus signs himself, only to use, over that signature, language no decent man could respect, much less revere. His letter shows he lives in what purports to be a beautiful and peaceful spot, Floral Park; wherein grow, perchance, those lilies the Master loved, and bade us "consider." But it has brought only bitterness to his speech; zeal in a chosen cause serves to excuse any intemperance to which his tongue may run.

The inspiring wine that "maketh glad the heart of man," as the Book says, seems to him only the "great god, Booze." It occurs to me that, if he could think of a more opprobrious term, he would not hesitate to adopt it. With what seems a characteristic lack of all grace and gentleness toward his fellow man who does not happen to see eye to eye with him over his chosen uplift, he says: "If the inhabitants of booze city could be made to wallow in their own mire." Somehow the idea of the Master, whom this "reverend" pretends to follow, "wallowing in the mire" of the Feast of Cana, which He graced with His presence and approval; or at meat in the house of Levi the son of Alpheus, for which the Pharisees of an older day poured out their bitterness on Him for "eating and drinking;" somehow, I repeat, this is not the idea to which we are accustomed, and the language of the "reverend" hardly seems worthy of his calling and sanctification.

I know that a warm enthusiasm for a cause leads one into regrettable indiscretions of word and pen; but would not phrases like, "To hell with the whole damn booze business" come better from the lips of a worlding, like myself, (if I could so far forget myself) than from the mouth of one set apart in holy orders? I am becoming convinced that intemperance in language has done more harm in the world than all other intemperance put together. Unfortunately, far too much intemperate speech is cloaked, nowadays, under the title "reverend."

A chain *may* be so placed that it is much stronger than its weakest link; so also, I am sure, the Church is much saner and wiser than many of her sons who pretend to speak in her name; and who use the honor she has conferred upon them, and the position she has given them, to carry on private crusades, as though their work were her work, done with her sanction and approval.

MAYNARD D. FOLLIN

From Bishop Cannon

To the Editor of the Outlook and Independent: *Washington*

DEAR SIR:

In your issue of April 30th under the heading "Desperate Reasoning" you say, "Desperate dries having failed to prove that the Literary Digest prohibition poll misrepresents public sentiment, now strive to prove that it represents a triumph for prohibition."

It is not a question of "Desperate Dries," but a question of well informed dries. The Literary Digest Poll is simply an interesting incident in the great prohibition discussion, but it does not indicate fairly or accurately the attitude of the mass of the voters on the question of prohibition. There are over forty million voters in the United States. The Literary Digest Poll records only a small proportion of that vote. The Literary Digest management doubtless has tried to conduct it fairly, but the poll will not register a fair proportion of dry votes for two reasons:

First, because millions of dry voters decline to participate in such polls, believing that it is not a proper or adequate method of obtaining the sentiment of the people. Only voters in a regular election at the ballot box can determine that sentiment.

Second, because great masses of the people, especially clerks and so-called laboring classes (men and especially women) and the rural voters are not reached by such polls, and yet a great majority of these very people in any election will vote against any repeal or weakening of the prohibition law.

It is therefore to be expected that in such a poll as that taken by the Literary Digest the vote for modification or repeal will exceed that for enforcement and such a poll has no real value as an indication of what would be the vote in any regular election authorized by State or Federal law. The Literary Digest Poll for Virginia emphasizes this conclusion. The vote reported in the Digest Poll for Virginia totals 19,500 of which 8,700 is for repeal, 5,200 for modification, 5,700 for enforcement. At the Presidential election the Virginia vote was over 200,000 (fifteen times as many as the present reported Digest Poll,) of which number Hoover received a majority over Smith of over 24,000. Smith received practically the solid wet vote of the State, and in addition that section of the dry vote which followed the dry leadership of Glass, Byrd and Pollard. Virginia's Presidential election indicates a clear dry majority.

No Literary Digest Poll will record a fair proportion of the dry votes of Virginia, especially in the country districts, and the conclusion that Virginia favors the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment is not warranted on the basis of the Literary Digest Poll. And what is true of Virginia is doubtless true in a greater or less degree of other States.

JAMES CANNON, JR.

A New Viewpoint

To the Editor of the Outlook and Independent: *Warsaw, N. Y.*

DEAR SIR:

All the discussion about prohibition which is filling our newspapers, magazines and the empty heads of a lot of people is about as sensible as a dog chasing his own tail. The object of prohibition is to stop all people from drinking, but that is ridiculous. The sensible thing is to have liquor so hard to get that only the rich can afford it, or at least so that the workingman can afford very little of it. That is just what prohibition does and rather effectively too. In fact, that is the wail of lament sent up by the parched hordes, "No beer, no work!" and words to that effect.

There is no particular reason why liquor should be evenly divided any more than wealth should be. At best, liquor only makes a fool of a man, just as wealth so often does, and the rich are surely the only ones who can afford to make fools of themselves. If someone supplied me free of charge with all the liquor I could drink, I couldn't afford to drink it because I have a family to support.

One might argue that as conditions are, the poor man who really wants liquor will pay the price and get it. The only reply is that a great many people never did have any brains. Plenty of people are not above drinking anti-freeze and even shoe-polish, but they are past praying for anyhow.

The above might lead one to believe that I think the only reason a person ever wants liquor is to get drunk and make an ass of himself. Well, it is certain that if he drinks much that is exactly what he will do. I am not so sure but that that is really the secret motive that is deep down in the hearts of all wets. Of course, that will be thoroughly denied just as nearly all young women deny and even try to believe that they are not looking for husbands, though most of them get married the first chance they get.

The moral is, if you must have liquor, first make enough money so that you can afford to drink it as well as pay for it. Until I am smart enough to do that I shall spend my money for gasoline, vote dry and only drink liquor when I can get it.

FELIX RAMSEY

Enter the Villain

To the Editor of the Outlook and Independent: *Philadelphia*

DEAR SIR:

Just a plain case of another Esau, Judas and Benedict Arnold. You prejudice the case before you hear testimony. Who would believe you? The liquor interests of Europe and America, the criminal class, the gamblers, the prostitutes, the lunatic fringe of society and the poor, to-be-pitied individuals whose "God is their belly."

He that sitteth in the heavens is laughing at you. You will make as much success repealing the Eighteenth Amendment as King Kanute in keeping back the tides.

ZEB H. COPP

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Outlook and Independent Classified Section

COPY *for June 18 issue, due on or before June 4. Phone Stuyvesant 7874 . . or write*
THE OUTLOOK CO.
120 EAST 16th ST. NEW YORK CITY

Rates for Classified Advertisements 60 Cents a Line

Where to Buy or Sell—Where to Travel—How to Travel
Use this Section to Fill Your Wants

Hotels and Resorts

England

DONINGTON HALL AND PARK, (Near Derby,) the Beauty Spot of England, used as a German Officers' Prisoners of War Camp. Tunnel through which prisoners escaped on view. Now open to the Public. Admission 1/-. Charabancs and motors free. Catering provided, Sundays included. Telephone 43, Castle Donington.

Maine

THE BEECHES, Paris Hill, Maine
will receive a few selected guests for summer months of 1930. Booklet.

ROCK GARDEN and COTTAGES
Ocean—Woods—Lakes
All sanitary improvements. Electric lights. Golf—Tennis—Trout and deep sea fishing. Water sports.
Mosquito free under Gorgas system.
References *Booklet*
J. W. Merritt, Sebasco Estates, Sebasco, Maine.

York Camps, Loon Lake
RANGELEY, MAINE. For three generations non-housekeeping summer homes for discriminating families. Outstanding dining room supplied from farm. Rustic modernization. All sports.

YE LONGFELLOW INN
PORTLAND, ME.
Overlooking Casco Bay and Portland Harbor. A summer home whose charms appeal to people of culture who return year after year.
American Plan, Excellent food, Garages
H. H. PEASE, Prop., June 1 to Oct. 1.

CLEMENT'S CAMPS
Black Bass Fishing on Famous Belgrade Lakes. Fly Fishing from May 25th to July 1st. 20 to 60 Bass per day. Bait Fishing during July, Aug. and Sept. Separate Cabins with Bath and Open Fires. Guides, Boats, Bait, Tackle, Golf and Excellent Table. Send for Information and Booklet.
E. W. CLEMENT, OAKLAND, ME.

Massachusetts

MARBLEHEAD, MASS.
THE LESLIE
A quiet, cozy little House by the sea. Opens June 28. Private baths. Descriptive booklet. 26th season.

ARNOLD INN—NORTHAMPTON, MASS.
All Year Round Guest House. Attractive single rooms and suites. Excellent food. Reasonable rates. Manager, Arnold Inn, Northampton, Mass.

To Boston!
By air, rail or highway — here's convenience and a cordial welcome for modern travelers. At Copley Sq., Back Bay Station. $3—$5.
HOTEL LENOX
and HOTEL BRUNSWICK, L. C. Prior, Pres.

New Hampshire

Newfound Lake
Brookside Inn
and Bungalows
Ideally situated for rest and recreation. For booklet and rates address G. T. YOUNG.
BRIDGEWATER, N. H.

BIRCH TREE INN, White Mts. Intervale, N. H. offers to summer vacationists, attractive well furnished rooms. Excellent food, invigorating mountain air, scenic beauty. Golf, Mt. climbing, foot paths in pleasant places. Moderate rates.

New Jersey

OCEAN VIEW HOUSE—BAY HEAD, N. J. Splendidly run. Generous verandahs. Golf. Tennis close by. 300 feet to Ocean and Bay. Bathing from hotel.

New Mexico

HACIENDA DE LOS CERROS
In The Region Where Romance Lingers
A comfortable Mountain Resort. Two miles from the center of Santa Fe. An all-year hotel of the intimate sort. Excellent saddle horses and complete pack outfitting equipment for trips into the adjoining Santa Fe *National Forest or into the Hopi or Navajo* reservations. Excellent tennis court. Cadillac and Lincoln motors. All modern comforts in an ancient setting. And not expensive Edward H. Oakley, Owner-Manager, Santa Fe, New Mexico.

New York

Interbrook Lodge AND COTTAGES
KEENE VALLEY, N. Y.
Located on hill in spruces and pines, 1,500 ft. elevation, one mile from and 500 ft above village on trail to Mt. Marcy. Dancing, tennis, bathing, fishing, mountain climbing. Golf course 4 miles. Best moderate-priced hotel in mountains. Fresh vegetables. State certified Ayrshire herd. Write for booklet. B. A. TRYON & SON.

Hotel LENOX, North St., west of Delaware Avenue, Buffalo, N. Y. Superior accommodations. Good meals. Write direct or Outlook and Independent Bureau for rates, details, bookings.

ADIRONDACKS, THE CRATER CLUB
ESSEX-ON-LAKE CHAMPLAIN, N. Y.
Cottages without housekeeping cares. Excellent table. Moderate prices. Social references required. Send for circular.

ADIRONDACKS AUGER LAKE
FORDWAY CAMPS. For Gentiles. New attractive, furnished housekeeping bungalows, located on tract of land for exclusive use of our guests. Boating, bathing, fishing. Season $150 to $300 including garage, ice, firewood and rowboat.
MACE & NICOLLS, KEESEVILLE, N. Y.

BLUE MOUNTAIN HOUSE
One of the finest situations in Adirondacks. Altitude 2,055 ft., overlooking beautiful lakes. Outdoor sports. All conveniences. Excellent table. M. T. MERWIN, Blue Mountain Lake, N. Y.

THE MOHAWK and cottages. A modern Adirondack Hotel offering golf, riding and a wide range of sports and amusements. C. O. LONGSTAFF, Old Forge, N. Y.

New York City

Hotel Wentworth
59 West 46th St., New York City
The hotel you have been looking for which offers rest, comfortable appointments, thoughtful cuisine. In the heart of theatre and shopping center, just off Fifth Ave. Moderate. Further details, rates, booklets, direct, or Outlook and Independent Travel Bureau.

HOTEL BRISTOL
129-135 W. 48th St., N.Y.
Rooms With Bath Evening dinner and single—$3—$3.50—$4 Sunday noon . $1.00
Double—$5—$6—$7 Luncheon . . .50
Special Blue Plate Service in Grill Room
for comfort, for convenience to all parts of the metropolis, for its famous dining service come to Hotel Bristol. You'll feel "at home".

Hotel Judson 53 Washington Sq. New York City
Residential hotel of highest type, combining the facilities of hotel life with the comforts of an ideal home. American plan $4 per day and up. European plan $1.50 per day and up.
SAMUEL NAYLOR, MANAGER

Swiss Spas

-:- St. MORITZ Spa. -:-
Olympia Spas Hotel Metropol. Good cuisine —*Running water*—Rooms with pension—15 fr. up—Tennis—Golf links, 3 minutes.

Hotels and Resorts

Swiss Spas

Ragaz-Pfaefers Spa
The world known healthy Sport Resort. Excellent cures for rheumatisms, gout, nervous diseases, etc. First class golf—thermal swimming pool.
GRAND HOTEL QUELLENHOF
GRAND HOTEL HOF RAGAZ

Vermont

Chester, Vt. **THE MAPLES** Delightful
summer home. Cheerful, large, airy rooms, pure water; bath, hot and cold; broad piazza, fine roads. Terms reasonable. References exchanged. The Misses Sargeant.

SPEND YOUR VACATION off the beaten path in the heart of the Green Mountains Beautiful Lake Harney, a gem in the mountain setting. High altitude. Fine beach, fishing, scenic walks and drives. Modern *conveniences. References. Inquire* "THE SPRUCES," West Barnet, Vermont.

Dreaming
of summer sunshine—moonlight on the lake—the tug of a fish on your line—the joy of a walk in the country—a dip in the lake?
These dreams come true at
CAMP SKYLAND
on LAKE CHAMPLAIN,
South Hero, Vermont.
Christian young people, adults, & families. Tents & cabins (including meals) $20, $22.50, $25 per week.
Mrs. Mabel K. Norton, Manager.

Wyoming

TRIANGLE F RANCH, Bondurant, Wyoming
Will accept small group of boys, summer vacation. 10 weeks, $500. Tour Teton National and Yellowstone Parks included. Personal supervision. References. Parents, guests accepted at Ranch. Wallace E. Hiatt.

Tours and Travel

EUROPE 1930
The Passion Play
SELECT TOURS $695
VACATION TOURS $340
Alaska, Mexico National Parks, California, Bermuda, Hawaii, Round the World.
Summer tour to
EGYPT, PALESTINE $795
Steamship Tickets—All Lines
STRATFORD TOURS
452 Fifth Ave., New York

$435 Leisurely, delightful summer tour through Europe, with congenial travelers, good hotels, limited membership. Motoring to Fontainebleau, Barbizon and Versailles—*motorboat on Lake Geneva*—tallyho up the Lauterbrunnen Valley—motoring through the Bavarian Highlands to Castle Neuschwanstein—the Passion Play at Oberammergau—the Rhine and the Zuyder Zee—Reservations made by experts.

Longer tours sail in Spring and Summer to Italy, Egypt, Palestine and Norway.

Established 1901 Send for booklets
TEMPLE TOURS
447-A Park Sq. Bldg., Boston, Mass.

Tours and Travel

EUROPE
Choice of 24 tours ranging in price from $495 to $1685. 52-day motor tour $650. Send for descriptive booklet.
ARGONAUT TOURS
551 Fifth Avenue, New York.

For All Travel Matters in
GREAT BRITAIN and EUROPE
CONSULT
MAJOR W. T. BLAKE, LTD.
521 Fifth Ave., New York City
Murray Hill 1039
Our Manager, H. R. RIDGWAY, has unrivaled personal knowledge of travel in Europe.
Motor Tours at Inclusive Rates a specialty
Steamship, air and railway passages.
Our Staff at the Head Office, 199 Piccadilly, *London*, W. 1., knows the British Isles and every European country as few others know them. Mgr. at Paris, Rome, Southampton, Plymouth, etc.
UNIQUE PERSONAL SERVICE.

Real Estate

Connecticut

FOR SALE—Central Garage in city of 9000 people. 50 car capacity. Doing very fine business. Best of reasons for selling. Address GARAGE, Outlook and Independent.

Maine

PEMAQUID HARBOR, Maine Coast. To Let for Season. Cottage, six rooms and bath, fireplace; sea view. A. E. BARBOUR, Augusta, Me.

Massachusetts

OCEAN FRONT BUNGALOWS, CAPE COD *Osborn Ball,* 1895 University Ave., New York City.

OLD SALEM, MASS., Typical home. Characteristically furnished. Secluded. Garage. *Rent for season to accredited applicant.* Box K, Court House, Salem, Mass.

NANTUCKET, MASS. Furnished cottage. 6 rooms. Ocean front. Clean safe bathing. Fireplace, screened piazzas. $300 for season.
R. E. FARRIER, Ridgewood, N. J.

New Hampshire

LAKE SUNAPEE, N. H.
Charming Summer Homes and Cottages, furnished for rent and for sale. Write booklets. Sargent & Co., New London, N. H.
Headquarters Lake Sunapee Real Estate

New York

ONTEORA CLUB—Catskill Mountains, altitude 2,300 ft. Exclusive, near golf *club, swimming, tennis.* Flower and vegetable garden. 4 master bedrooms, 2 maid's rooms, sleeping porch, dining porch, parlor. 2 car garage. 1157 Outlook and Independent.

WILL SUBLET *for summer months,* an attractive apartment. 8 rooms, 2 baths, furnished. Very near Fifth Ave. and Park on East 96th Street. Highest references required. 1159 Outlook and Independent.

Vermont

FOR RENT ON LAKE CHAMPLAIN
Two furnished housekeeping cottages. Modern improvements. Garage space. Meals at Guest House if desired.
CHARLES CUNNINGHAM,
Larrabee's Point, Vt.

Board

WILL TAKE a girl from twelve to sixteen years for summer vacation. Good location, home and surroundings. Have one daughter fourteen years. For further information write G. C., Outlook and Independent.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Outlook and Independent

CLASSIFIED SECTION *Continued*

Help Wanted

WANTED: Young woman experienced in care of children, capable of taking responsibility for twins 15 months old, nursery, school or kindergarten training preferred. Country home near Philadelphia. No laundry. Write giving full particulars. 9444 Outlook and Independent.

WANTED—Tutor to go South with family in fall, for young children, kindergarten through fourth grade, instructing in regular subjects, dancing, dramatic games, etc. Living expenses, railroad fare one way, seventy-five dollars a month. Give complete details, first reply. 9451 Outlook and Independent.

Situations Wanted

YOUNG married couple, college graduates, would like position caring for summer residence in owner's absence. Will tutor children. References gladly furnished. 9432 Outlook and Independent.

WANTED for 3 summer months position of some sort by lady teacher, 35 years of age, experienced in the training of children, housekeeping and practical nursing. Address X. Y. Z., Outlook and Independent.

PRIMARY Teacher, age 26, college trained, 6 years experience, desires work in any capacity with children for summer. References. 9436 Outlook and Independent.

REFINED woman desires position of trust, private family, institution, month of July. 9437 Outlook and Independent.

TUTOR where opportunity to attend college. Successful with retarded children. 9443 Outlook and Independent.

COLLEGE Graduate, girl age 23, wants summer with family as tutor for children in school subjects or nature lore. Can be otherwise useful. Available June 15th. Best of references. 9445 Outlook and Independent.

WANTED: Vacation work by Cornell Junior. Holds New York State driver's license. 9446 Outlook and Independent.

PERMANENT or summer position of trust in adult Protestant family, by refined, experienced woman. References exchanged. Box 123, South Manchester, Conn.

DARTMOUTH Senior, Phi Beta Kappa, wishes position for summer. Tutor companion, or chauffeur preferable. Experienced with many cars: Pierce-Arrow, Packard, and others. References. 9448 Outlook and Independent.

COLLEGE graduate, American born Japanese, wishes chauffeur's position New York City or near by city preferred; reliable; unquestionable character; excellent references. Also other positions considered. 9452 Outlook and Independent.

YOUNG woman Protestant American, wishes position as house mother or assistant preferably in children's institution or school. 9453 Outlook and Independent.

A MIDDLE-AGED American man and wife desire a position as care takers on a country estate or in a city home, anywhere in the Eastern States. Can give best of references. 9454 Outlook and Independent.

YOUNG lady, British University graduate, desires position as tutor or companion. Long residence in France and Germany. Interested in art and literary movements. Degrees recognized in America. 9455 Outlook and Independent.

Mart of the Unusual

Harris Tweed Direct from makers Ideal sporting material. Any length cut. Samples free. Newall, 127 Stornoway, Scotland

PLAY CHESS Get Price List
College Size with instruction book $4.00
FULL CLUB SIZE · · TEN DOLLARS
C. H. BIRD · · Bethlehem, Conn.

ARE YOU INTELLECTUALLY MARooned? "Pioneers" literary correspondence club connects you with versatile unconventional minds the world over. Rare and unusual books loaned free to members. No formalities. Membership $2.00 per year. Particulars free. Write: "PIONEERS," 93 Franklin St., Albany, N. Y.

How to Entertain

PLAYS. Musical comedies and revues, minstrels, comedy and talking songs, blackface skits, vaudeville acts, monologs, dialogs, recitations, entertainments, juvenile plays and songs musical readings, make-up goods. Catalog free. T. S. Denison & Company, 623 South Wabash, Dept. 74, Chicago.

Your Right to Cross the Street

(Continued from Page 53)

266,640 summons by the police for violation of traffic ordinances—about one to every six people in the city. In New Bedford, one of the safest cities of all, there were only 349—about one to every 350 people. New England cities, where accident rates are relatively low, averaged one police summons to every 190 people; Middle West cities averaged 1 to 16, and Pacific Coast cities 1 to 8. The more jay-walking ordinances, apparently, the more law they need.

Last year was a bad year for accidents. Laws for pedestrian control do not seem to have helped. They have had a lot of attention, and are still causing millions of people to wait dutifully on street corners until the lights change. Many big and little cities, East and West, are still getting ready to take them up. But on analysis, in spite of the immediate appeal they make to the eye, and sense of order, they seem to smack too much of prohibition, of trying to accomplish a Great Good by merely passing a law. You can't make a man safe, any more than you can make him virtuous, by legislation that relates only to himself.

A surer recipe is the more tedious one of education; gradually teaching our motorists more courtesy, while as pedestrians we become more cautious.

Contemporary da Vincis

(Continued from Page 65)

Only one other of the 2000 researchers at the laboratories possessed a beard. He had been hired with one. One day the red beard and its owner were called into the office of one of the big bosses, and it was humorously suggested that he remove his uxoriously cherished beaver. He did not regard the request as very serious until, a few weeks later, he was summoned to the sanctum of a still higher official, who made no humorous bones of what he wished done. "You are paid, partly, to conform!"

Another effect of the industrial control of science is the marriage of research to advertising. The spirit of pure science must, occasionally, have his wings badly frizzled by his contact with the publicity department. When visiting the G.E. Laboratories, I was shown, as one of their most "purely scientific" projects, an elaborate fever-creating machine. The research workers were, I was told, making numerous experiments to test the theory that fever is created in the human body for the destruction of germs. Rabbits, a mangy dog, glass retorts, and much strangely necromantic-looking gear were visible. "Please," requested the young researcher who was guiding me about, "do not mention this in print. The G.E. laboratories are open to all comers who are interested enough to visit us, but we feel that it is not in accordance with science to make our findings public until they are complete." Less than two weeks later this series of experiments (needless to say still incomplete) were discussed in detail over the radio in the General Electric hour by Floyd Gibbons, well known author of *The Red Napoleon.*

The Renaissance artists suffered not a little through the contact of their work with the people. Leonardo watched his Colossus destroyed by enemies of the Duke, his Leda given to the savage flames of Savonarola's virtuous bonfire.

The men who developed radio and the talkies were probably less concerned with the hope that the inhabitants of Oscaloosa, Massachusetts, might now know *Candida* and *Hamlet* than they were with frequencies and resistance. Yet we think that even science must shudder at the bawling inanities of the radio and the hokum of the talkies.

In spite of the fact that they are both creators, both compelled to look to patronage for a living, there is an essential difference between art and research, the artist and the researcher. And it is, perhaps, this difference which defines the dissimilarity between this age and any which has preceded it. Art is a luxuriant medium, closely connected with the personal, most effective when it conveys emotion. Research is objective, detached, an icy passion of examining and re-examining until the fact is ineluctably proven. Here is the swing and beat, the only secret of research . . . this probing, testing, denying, proving, which has brought the mind to new emergence, captured new realms for science.

This, then, this austere control of matter and the principles of matter, is the life force of our time—the part of us that posterity will respect and remember. And it is also characteristic of the industrial age that Big Business has taken over research, and its scientist-creators, and harnessed them to industry for the greater acceleration of profits in American dollars.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED